Saturday Review

APRIL 7, 1956 / 20¢

MYTHS, MOVIES, AND MATURITY

By Arthur Mayer

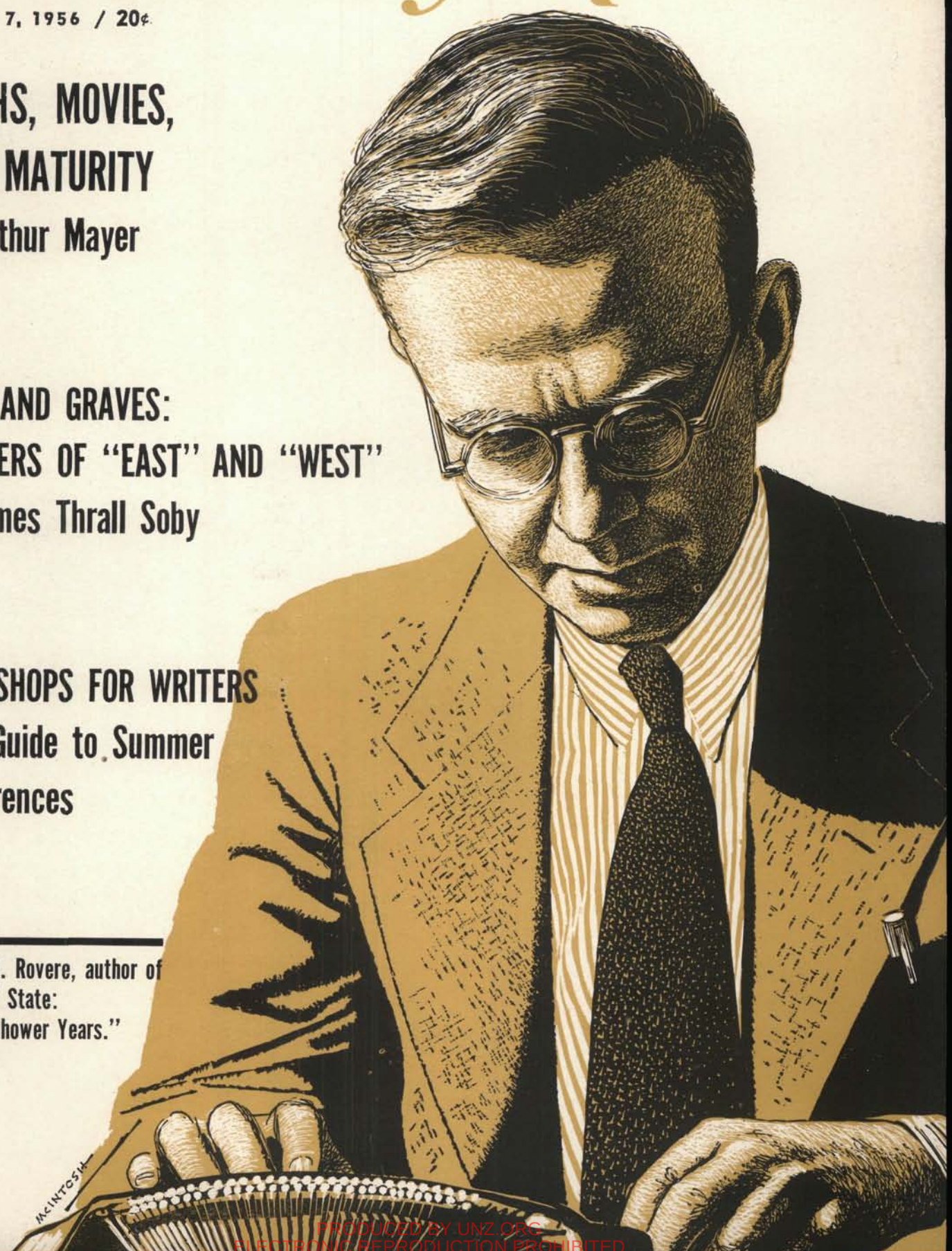
DOVE AND GRAVES: PAINTERS OF "EAST" AND "WEST"

By James Thrall Soby

WORKSHOPS FOR WRITERS

SR's Guide to Summer Conferences

Richard H. Rovere, author of "Affairs of State: The Eisenhower Years." (Page 9)



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If he were yours . . .

you'd want the finest of the fine—for him. The finest schools. The finest job. And most of all—the finest medical care.

And why not! Nowhere on earth is opportunity more lavish than here. Nowhere do wilder dreams quicken the imagination—and come true. This is America—and this is your son.

The chances of protecting his future with the finest medical care are rapidly increasing. But the teaching and research costs of training today's doctors have risen alarmingly, medical equipment costs have doubled. Today, the 81 medical schools that carry the full burden for training the doctors, surgeons and researchers of tomorrow are faced with critical financial problems. These schools supply our most precious national resource—and they are sorely in need of help.

If we want the advantages of medical progress—greater health, longer life—we must pay for them. There are no short-cuts, no bargains. The great medical miracles that lie so near must not be denied to those we love because we decided to give "tomorrow."

Find out what your stake in medical education is by writing—and helping—today!

MEDICAL EDUCATION KEEPS AMERICA HEALTHY

NATIONAL FUND FOR MEDICAL EDUCATION

2 West 46th Street, New York 36, N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Best in Literature

...at Savings up to 50%

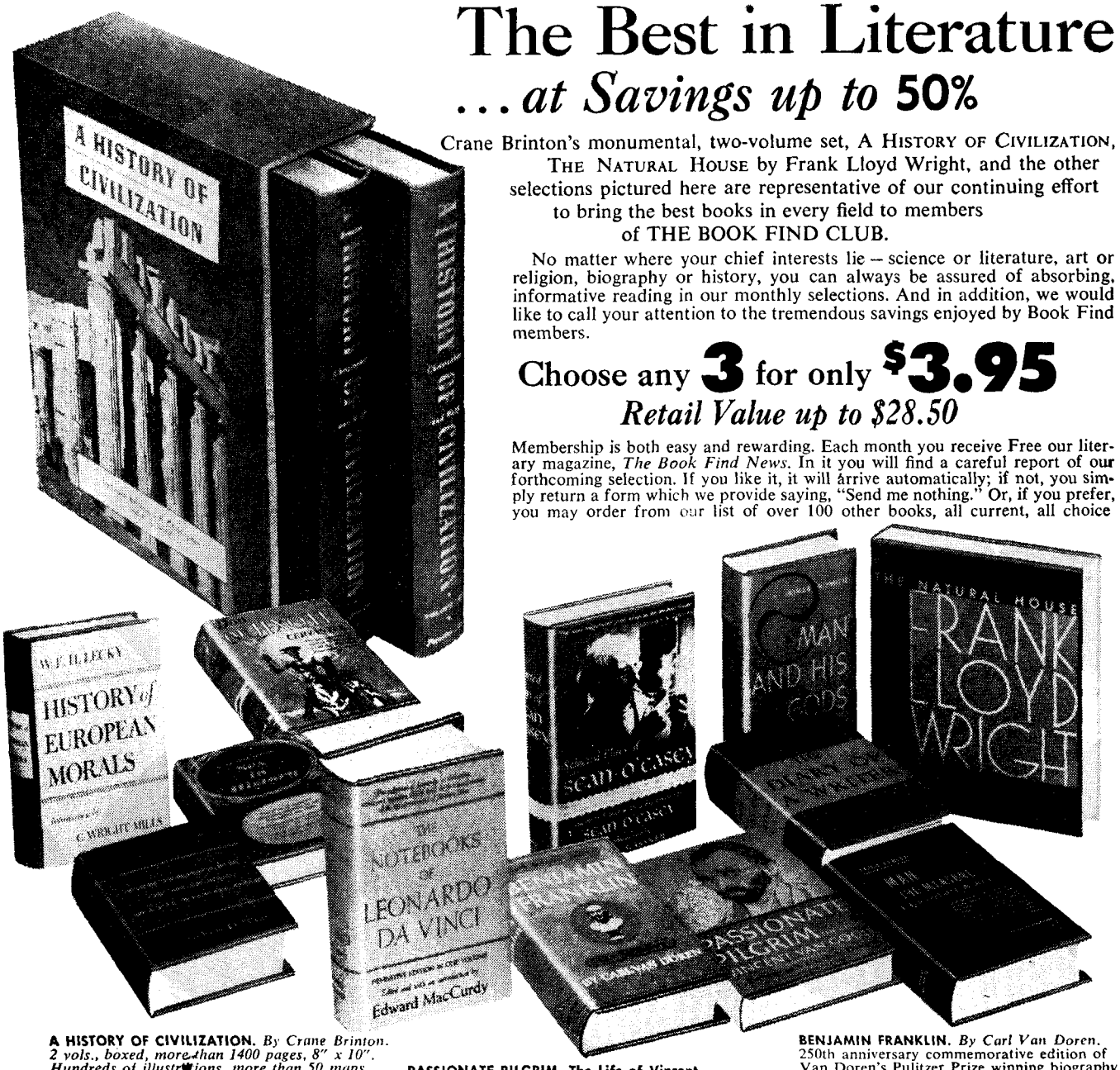
Crane Brinton's monumental, two-volume set, A HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION, THE NATURAL HOUSE by Frank Lloyd Wright, and the other selections pictured here are representative of our continuing effort to bring the best books in every field to members of THE BOOK FIND CLUB.

No matter where your chief interests lie – science or literature, art or religion, biography or history, you can always be assured of absorbing, informative reading in our monthly selections. And in addition, we would like to call your attention to the tremendous savings enjoyed by Book Find members.

Choose any 3 for only $3.95

Retail Value up to $28.50

Membership is both easy and rewarding. Each month you receive Free our literary magazine, *The Book Find News*. In it you will find a careful report of our forthcoming selection. If you like it, it will arrive automatically; if not, you simply return a form which we provide saying, "Send me nothing." Or, if you prefer, you may order from our list of over 100 other books, all current, all choice



A HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION. *By Crane Brinton. 2 vols., boxed, more than 1400 pages, 8" x 10". Hundreds of illustrations, more than 50 maps, endpapers.* A brilliant survey of man's experience from pre-history to mid-twentieth century. *List price $16.00.* **Members' price $9.95.**

THE NATURAL HOUSE. *By Frank Lloyd Wright.* A magnificent book on small houses in which living becomes a purposeful adventure in natural freedom and dignity. *List price $7.50.* **Members' price $5.50.**

HISTORY OF EUROPEAN MORALS. *By W.E.H. Lecky.* Introduction by C. Wright Mills. A brilliant study of the origins and development of Western moral beliefs and practice. **Members' price $5.00**

THE DIARY OF A WRITER. *By F. M. Dostoievsky.* One of the great literary documents of modern times, this work reveals the mind and heart of a great personality. 1115 pages. **Members' price $5.00.**

HISTORY OF WARFARE OF SCIENCE WITH THEOLOGY IN CHRISTENDOM. *By Andrew D. White.* A classic study of conflicting influences in human experience. 928 pages. **Members' price $5.00.**

THE NOTEBOOKS OF LEONARDO DA VINCI. *Edited by Edward MacCurdy.* A magnificent record of Leonardo's thought as a painter, sculptor, astronomer, architect, geographer and inventor. **Members' price $5.00.**

SEX IN HISTORY. *By G. Rattray Taylor.* A study of society's changing attitudes toward sex throughout the ages. *Pub. ed. $5.00.* **Members' price $2.50.**

SELECTED PLAYS OF SEAN O'CASEY. The 9 plays considered by the author as most representative of his writing, including RED ROSES FOR ME, JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK and THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS. 832 pages. **Members' price $5.00.**

PASSIONATE PILGRIM—The Life of Vincent Van Gogh. *By Lawrence and Elizabeth Hanson, authors of* NOBLE SAVAGE. A distinguished biography—an honest book, both moving and absorbing—the inspired portrait of a restless genius. *Pub. ed. $5.00.* **Members' price $2.50.**

MAN THE MEASURE—A New Approach To History. *By Erich Kahler.* The history of the human spirit in its various expressions—religion, politics, economics, science, art, technology—with man as the central theme. *List price $5.00.* **Members' price $2.75.**

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. *By Carl Van Doren.* 250th anniversary commemorative edition of Van Doren's Pulitzer Prize winning biography *One vol. Pub. ed. $5.00.* **Members' price $3.50**

DON QUIXOTE. *By Miguel De Cervantes. Translated by Samuel Putnam.* One of the greatest, most entertaining, wisest books ever written. *Pub. ed. $4.95.* **Members' price $3.50.**

MAN AND HIS GODS. *By Homer W. Smith* Man's varied religious beliefs examined in an encyclopedic historical study. *Pub. ed. $5.00.* **Member's price $2.45.**

CLIP COUPON BELOW AND MAIL TODAY

The Book Find Club 215 Fourth Avenue N.Y. 3

274

Please enroll me as a member and send me, for only $3.95 plus 24¢ postage and handling, the *three* books I have checked at right. I am to receive free the monthly *Book Find News*. I agree to buy as few as 4 additional books during my first year of membership; and I may resign without obligation at any time thereafter.

NAME.....
(please print)

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

(In Canada: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont.)

- ☐ A HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION
- ☐ HISTORY OF EUROPEAN MORALS
- ☐ MAN THE MEASURE
- ☐ THE NATURAL HOUSE
- ☐ DON QUIXOTE
- ☐ THE DIARY OF A WRITER
- ☐ HISTORY OF WARFARE OF SCIENCE WITH THEOLOGY IN CHRISTENDOM
- ☐ THE NOTEBOOKS OF DA VINCI
- ☐ SEX IN HISTORY
- ☐ PASSIONATE PILGRIM
- ☐ MAN AND HIS GODS
- ☐ SELECTED PLAYS OF O'CASEY
- ☐ BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

THE BOOK FIND CLUB

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Advertisement*)

Editor-at-Large

I gather from what I read in the various critical journals and writers' magazines that the short story is somewhat in the state in which Mark Twain is reputed to have placed the weather: everybody talks about (and writes) it and nobody reads (or buys) books containing it.

In a way this is understandable, for a book of short stories seldom offers the sustained reading experience that one gets from a longer piece of fiction. Yet every now and then there comes along a collection of short stories that is so much of an entity it offers a reader everything he looks for in a novel.

Just such a collection is "The Presence of Grace," the second volume of stories by J. F. Powers.

Powers' stories are almost all about the Catholic community in the American Midwest. Many of them are about priests, including Father Burner, who also appeared in Mr. Powers' first book, "Prince of Darkness." I doubt if many *New Yorker* readers have been able to forget the stories about Father Burner as told in the first person by his pastor's cat, and both of these stories are in the new book.

The writing ability of J. F. Powers has been acclaimed by the most discriminating critics. His stories of bishops, priests and parishioners have appeal for Catholic and non-Catholic alike.

And he proves that a skillful writer can get more character, atmosphere and story into thirty pages than lesser writers can put into novels of more than 300 pages.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Presence of Grace," ($2.95) by J. F. Powers, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y., also publishers of his "Prince of Darkness" ($2.75), which, those who bewail the fate of the short story should note, was published in 1947 and is still going strong. Copies of both books may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, including the one at 921 Nicollet Avenue, in Minneapolis, Minnesota, which is J. F. Powers' home state.

The Saturday Review

APRIL 7, 1956

Cover Drawing by Hal McIntosh
After a Photograph by Charles Eggert

SR/IDEAS

7 Myths, Movies, and Maturity, by Arthur Mayer

20 Tidying Up the Mess: An Editorial

34 Workshops for Writers, by Gorham Munson

SR/BOOKS

9 The Eisenhower Years, by Richard Rovere
Reviewed by Jack Steele

10 Good Behaviour, by Harold Nicholson
Reviewed by Wayne Andrews

11 The Girl With the Swansdown Seat, by Cyril Pearl
Reviewed by Hollis Alpert

12 The Film of Memory, by Maurice Druon
Reviewed by Otis Fellows

12 The Green Mare, by Marcel Aymé
Reviewed by Henri Peyre

14 As I See India, by Robert Trumbull
At Home in India, by Cynthia Bowles
Reviewed by Margaret Parton

15 The Balkans in Our Time, by Robert Lee Wolff
Reviewed by Emil Lengyel

16 Musicians Between Covers
Reviews by V. I. Seroff

18 The George Eliot Letters, edited by Gordon S. Haight
Reviewed by DeLancey Ferguson

19 Letters from Madame La Marquise de Sévigné
Reviewed by Robert Halsband

SR/DEPARTMENTS

5 Trade Winds

21 Letters to the Editor

22 Broadway Postscript

23 *SR* Goes to the Movies

24 Literary Crypt

24 TV and Radio

25 Music to My Ears

29 Booked for Travel

31 Literary I.Q.

32 The Fine Arts

40 Criminal Record

43 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1150

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher; Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXIX, No. 14, April 7, 1956. Re-entered as second-class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1956 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

Salt Free Diet

Use the best-tasting Salt Substitute ever made

- Sprinkles and seasons like salt.
- Enhances food flavor.
- Retains flavor in cooking, baking, canning.

Available at grocers everywhere.

Adolph's SALT SUBSTITUTE

ACCEPTED FOR ADVERTISING IN PUBLICATIONS OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

• • New *available for the first time* • • • • • • • • •

ADOLPH'S *LOW SODIUM* MEAT TENDERIZER

Seasoned and Non-Seasoned • makes every cut and grade of meat extra tender and flavorful.

©Adolph's Ltd., Los Angeles 46, California

EXACT,

up-to-the-minute. That's The American College Dictionary. More copies sold in 1955 than ever before.

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE DICTIONARY

Choice of fine bindings from $5. At all bookstores. RANDOM HOUSE

On the menus of leading eating places and shelves of leading stores.

Send for unusual booklet.

CHARTREUSE

Yellow 86 Proof • Green 110 Proof

Schieffelin & Co., 30 Cooper Sq., N. Y. 3

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

"ONE OF THE MOST exasperating and unnecessary clichés resorted to by lazy detective-story writers," complains Vincent Starrett in the *Chicago Tribune Magazine of Books*, "is the 'obscure poison, unknown to science' used by murderers to polish off their victims." All writers need do, Starrett continues, is to consult Gustav Schenk's "The Book of Poisons" (Rinehart), which "was written with neither whodunit writers nor prospective poisoners in mind, but is obviously an excellent handbook for both." . . . Says James Michener, who is in a position to know, "I have only one bit of advice to beginning writers: be sure your novel is read by Rodgers and Hammerstein." . . . Ruth Fenichel, incidentally, knows a young couple she's determined to introduce to composer Dick Rodgers. Their names: Sam and Janet Evening.

THE MONTREALER tells about an advertising copywriter who said to a friend, "Say, did you hear that Consolidated are going to facsimile their whole line for the '56 models, and won't finalize radical changes until '57?" The other replied, "Is that true? That completely obsoletes the information I had received." Thereupon, concludes the *Montrealer*, they quicked across the road and hungried into a restaurant. . . .

TRADE WINDS readers, particularly those in New York City, Atlanta, and New Orleans, who would like to understand the intricacies of the indefensible system whereby great city populations are kept under the domination of rural minorities in other parts of the state, should read Gordon Baker's illuminating "Rural *vs.* Urban Political Power," published at ninety-five cents by Doubleday.

MARION BACON, astute manager of the Vassar Co-op and a former president of the American Booksellers Association, has been telling the publishers what she expects from a good trade ad. "What might attract the ultimate consumer," she reminds them, "is not necessarily what might attract the bookseller. Overworked clichés in trade ads like 'A lusty, full-bodied novel,' 'This is a "must book,' 'Headed straight for the best-seller list,' 'One of the great books of our time' no longer make booksellers eager to buy. In fact, Dorothy Parker said it for me: 'Constant weader fwows up!' " Facts and information are what the booksellers want, concludes Miss Bacon; not overstatements and hooey. . . . Incidentally, a neat haul might be realized, I think, from those publishers who wind up every trade ad with "Guaranteed advertising appropriation: $15,000." Compel them to submit a certified record of their actual advertising outlay six months later—and make them contribute the difference between promise and performance to a campaign for bigger library appropriations!

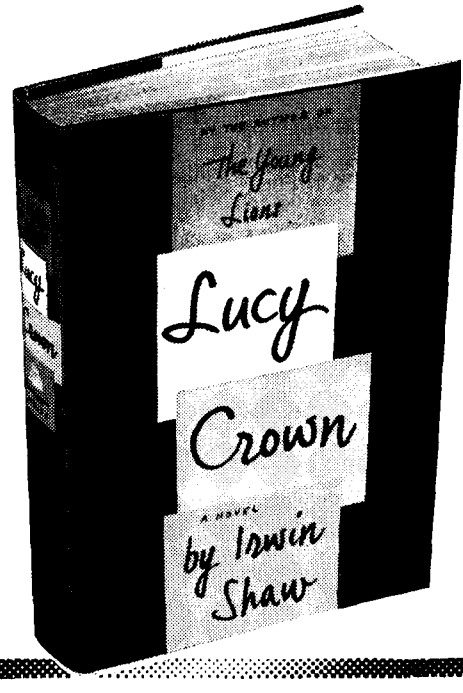
WHEN HE WANTS TO forget his troubles, confides Louis Ginsberg, he takes milk of amnesia. . . . "College sure did a lot for our uncle," boasts Francis Duffy. "He's the only one in the family who can fill out his unemployment form in Latin." . . . Bill Feather quotes this despairing paragraph from the writings of the French artist Jean Gabriel Domergue: "The world belongs to women. When a man is born people ask how his mother is. When he gets married people exclaim, 'Isn't the bride sweet!' When he is dead people ask, 'How much did he leave her?'." . . . Gene Sherman knows a maverick who spends most of his waking hours hating cats. "This business about cats always landing on their feet is a lot of hogwash," he crowed to Gene. "I've got a way of putting a spin on them so that nine times out of ten they land right on their head." . . . Sherman also cites the case of an observant father who noticed that every time one of his eleven children dropped a piece of bread on the floor, it landed butter side up. "This is in utter defiance of the laws of chance," he exclaimed. Investigation disclosed one possible cause for the phenomenon, however. The kids were buttering their bread on both sides. . . . Candace Murray writes about a lady in Indianapolis who wanted a book to give a friend. "One that will go in this," she specified, unwrapping an ornate, odd-shaped box. The bookseller was equal to the occasion. He found a volume print to fit.

TWO OF AMERICA'S best stocked and most interesting bookstores are located

The new novel by

Irwin Shaw

author of *The Young Lions*



The story of a modern American wife and mother . . . and what happened when she experimented with immorality.

LUCY CROWN

$3.95 at all bookstores.
RANDOM HOUSE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

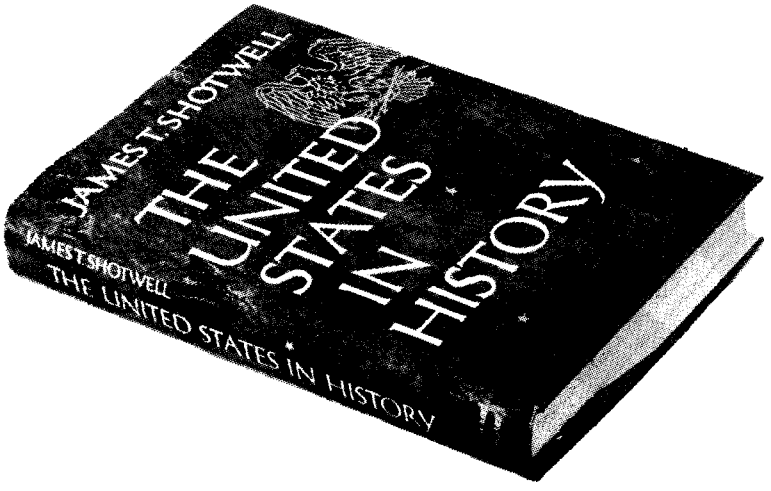
A distinguished private history of the United States becomes public

MANY YEARS AGO, the great historian James T. Shotwell wrote a book for one of the smallest and most distinguished audiences that any author has ever written for.

The book was privately distributed in Europe to such famous men and women as Aristide Briand, Gilbert Murray, Lord Cecil and Madame Curie. They were Dr. Shotwell's friends, active like him in the work of the League of Nations, and they found themselves – like nearly all Europeans a few decades ago – completely puzzled about the United States, a young country which had only recently become a great power.

For this small group of busy and brilliant Europeans who wanted to be informed about America, Dr. Shotwell, eschewing textbook apparatus, wrote a unique interpretative history of the United States.

Now, he has revised and extended the story through the Geneva meetings of 1955. His book has few dates, battles, or figures. But it has answers to the searching questions both Europeans and Americans are asking more and more urgently – questions about the meaning of United States history to the future of the world.



The adult reader who wishes to deepen his understanding of our national past or to close the gaps in his knowledge of it, and the young person who requires a lucid, absorbing introduction to the subject, are masterfully served by

James T. Shotwell's

THE UNITED STATES IN HISTORY

$3.50 at all bookstores. SIMON AND SCHUSTER, PUBLISHERS

at opposite ends of the country. Movie and TV writers have discovered that no matter how special and out-of-the-way a desired volume may be Louis Epstein generally can track it down for them on one of the crowded shelves of his thriving Pickwick Book Shop in Hollywood. In New York, Barnes and Noble perform a similar service. They also publish the College Outline Series, one of the first quality paperback lines in the market.

John Barnes has developed a lucrative sideline. He rents books by the yard as props to theatrical and TV producers, exhibitors of model homes, and decorators of department store show-windows. One of his biggest sales was to the wife of a noted gambler and racetrack owner. She bought 1,000 books—mostly classics. "At least," she said grimly. "our house is going to *look* respectable!"

Filmville bookshops, incidentally, are blooming as never before. Marian Hunter's new emporium is a beauty. Bob and Roberta Campbell have added space to take care of the UCLA hordes, and Martindale's will always get its full share as long as Rachel Brand is on the job!

JOHN O'HARA'S "Ten North Frederick" has won the fiction National Book Award, and Quentin Reynolds's "The Fiction Factory" is selling at a merry pace, but Reynolds remembers when neither of them had it quite so good. It was in the early Thirties, when neither writer had a book to his name —or his name to a book. Pooling their resources (two battered typewriters), they rented a grubby two-room-and-kitchenette basement apartment in the east Fifties and settled down to work so earnestly they rarely saw each other.

One morning Reynolds was bowled over when his breakfast was brought in to him—on a tray, no less!—by an elegant stranger. He proved to be an out-of-work ship's steward with whom O'Hara had struck up an acquaintance the previous night and lured home to serve as general factotum.

It soon developed that the sailor took a very dim view of two hulking gents who did nothing all day but write, and he was even more scornful of their solicitude for each other's privacy when the muse was upon them. One morning Reynolds asked, "Is O'Hara busy?" "Busy!" snorted the sailor. "Nah. He's just sprawled out in there beatin' the hell out of that typewritin' machine."

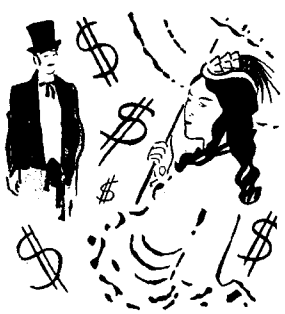
Reynolds didn't bother O'Hara that morning. His friend was indeed busy —writing the last pages of a novel he called "Appointment in Samarra."

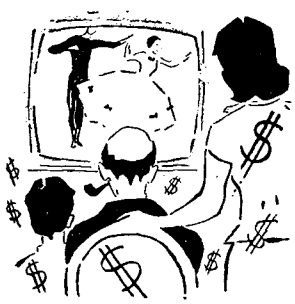
—BENNETT CERF.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
APRIL 7, 1956

MYTHS, MOVIES, AND MATURITY





Now that it has copped four Oscars—for the Best Picture of 1955, the Best Actor (Ernest Borgnine), the Best Director (Delbert Mann), and Best Screenplay (Paddy Chayefsky)—one might expect the quiet "Marty" to slide more or less quietly into the library of cinematic classics. But an embarrassing question comes up: Do most people really want to see pictures like "Marty" badly enough to plunk down ninety cents for them? And as Arthur Mayer, who has been in the business for twenty-five years, points out in this progress-report, the economics of "good pictures" are probably even more important now that TV is clamoring than when movies reigned supreme.

By ARTHUR MAYER

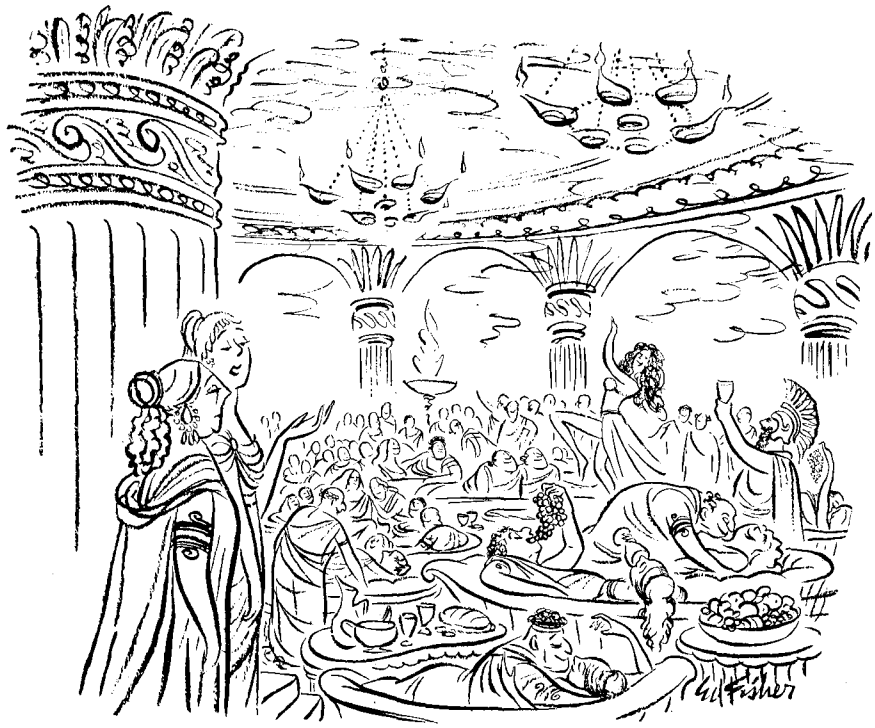
ALTHOUGH Oscar-winning "Marty" is constantly referred to as the "great boxoffice attraction of 1955," actually—according to *Variety*'s annual résumé of picture rentals—"Marty" ranked fifty-ninth among the year's releases. It grossed domestically $2,000,000 as compared to $7,100,000 for Stanley Kramer's mediocre movie version of "Not As a Stranger." Why? Don't people like good pictures?

"Marty" did demonstrate two things that a few of us have long maintained. In spite of the obsequious veneration paid to European films and film-makers by the cocktail-party set, our American movie-writers, directors, and performers are as talented as any in the world; and there is an audience for unpretentious realistic films in the United States, far smaller than it should be, but still adequate to make them highly profitable. This does not mean that one may rashly assume we are about to have a cycle of honest, intimate, unpretentious pictures. Unfortunately stimulated by the success of "Marty," the price of TV scripts submitted to Hollywood for production zoomed to ten to twenty times their former price. So great was the demand, however, that in spite of the advanced cost at least thirty have already been purchased. They are being produced in studios ill-acquainted with economy. A large part of "Marty's" charm and all of its profits were due to its modest $340,000 production cost. This will not be true of its descendants.

Now, the ten top grossing pictures of 1955, listed in order of their receipts, were: "Cinerama Holiday," "Mr. Roberts," "Battle Cry," "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," "Not As a Stranger," "The Country Girl," "The Lady and the Tramp," "Strategic Air Command," "To Hell and Back," and "The Sea Chase." This list fails to include two smash attractions: "Guys and Dolls" and "Oklahoma!" which were released too late to be numbered among the champions although they will undoubtedly appear among the 1956 favorites. It is at best an undistinguished group, containing nothing of the caliber of "From Here to Eternity" or "Shane," which made the top ten in 1953, but on the other hand nothing as offensive as the nauseating sentimentality of "Magnificent Obsession" or the vulgarity of "The Egyptian" in 1954.

Only one of the ten, "Mr. Roberts," was included in any of the lists of year's best drawn up by leading newspaper critics. The nearest approach to a genuinely adult picture to achieve success was "Blackboard

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Of course, I never used to go to affairs like this until they started running them as benefits."

Jungle," which ranked eleventh with a gross of $5,000,000, a little better than 1954's outstanding "On the Waterfront," which came in fifteenth with $4,200,000. "Blackboard's" success, however, was in all probability due as much to its scenes of excessive brutality as to its mature appeal. Moreover, it was helped by an assist from Mme. Ambassador Luce. "It's Always Fair Weather," the year's most sophisticated and imaginative musical, ranked fifty-sixth. It was released in New England the week of the floods with an unfortunately timed advertising campaign based on the catchline: "It's Always Fair Weather When the Blank Theatre Plays 'It's Always Fair Weather'." "Bad Day at Black Rock," another fine film for grown-ups, was fifty-seventh, "Summertime" sixty-first, and "Trial" sixty-fourth. The grosses of such superb foreign productions as "The Great Adventure," "Umberto D," and "The Divided Heart" were so painfully low that no one even deigned to disclose them.

Meanwhile television, in its effort to outbid the movies for public favor, tries to resemble them as much as possible. It is moving from spectaculars to spectaculossals, introducing color, larger screens, and flirting with third dimension. It has persuaded or is on the brink of persuading the major picture producers to sell their ancient heirlooms down the river, or rather over the airwaves. There will soon be available for home consumption not less than 3,000 "new" old negatives. How they will look when cut for television's inflexible time schedules and larded with advertising, and how they will affect the precarious balance between live and film TV, remains to be seen. Maybe, as Abel Green has pointed out, General Sarnoff's warning that television might become "just another distribution arm for the picture business" is already coming true. But one thing is clear: The movie industry has abdicated its obligation to see that its classics are presented, in Cecil B. DeMille's words, "in a manner worthy of their merit and worthy of the great names of those who made them."

Not content with these possibly Pyrrhic trophies of triumph, the networks and their sponsors are preparing to waive all established rules and rule the airwaves with premieres of new pictures. Television has with a kind of rude justice done to Main Street what the movies, in their salty, salad days, did to Broadway. Only during the summer months when TV drastically cuts what is laughingly referred to as the high quality of its programs, and air-cooled theatres exercise a fascination regardless of whether the screen attraction is hot or cold, does movie attendance approximate its former popularity. The rest of the year, in *Variety*'s classic words, business is "boffo or busto." Most of the time it is busto to such an extent that attendance has declined from a probably overestimated 90,000,000 a week in 1946 to a probably still overestimated 60,000,000. Although the annual rate of decline has been substantially stemmed, domestic receipts in 1955 fell approximately 7 per cent below those of 1954. Misinformation is, however, so assiduously circulated that even as acute and knowledgable a writer on movie subjects as Leo Rosten has been misled into reporting in *Look* magazine that "movie receipts have never been higher." M-G-M stockholders know better. Their profits for the last quarter of 1955 were five cents a share. Not only Metro but every other picture producing company would be deep in the red were it not for the ever-increasing foreign markets, which now account for close to 50 per cent of their revenue.

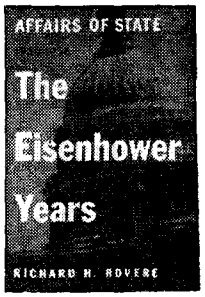
At home, however, 60,000,000 Americans have discovered that the way to obtain entertainment, if you are easily entertained and not too disinterested in detergents, dentifrices, or living lipsticks, is to settle into an easy chair and manipulate a dial. Babies are learning to turn a knob before they can even walk. And in the absence of television censors, aerial Legions of Decency, and Johnstonian Codes of the air, they are ascertaining the facts of life long before they can read.

WE USED to say that nothing could keep a man home at night except a dame, but we have now found that it takes something considerably more potent to cajole comfort-loving couples from their flat than the standard movie program. Even so excellent and costly a melodrama as "The Desperate Hours," which relies, or appears to rely, on a theme worn threadbare by hundreds of television shows, cannot tempt former movie fans from their sets. But when, frequently before it is released, the word leaks out that a film has that indefinable something called B. O., the hardships of babysitters, parking, and high admission are as nothing. Queues line up for the opening at theatres, previously deserted, from Manchester, New Hampshire, to Manchester, Lancashire, and from Madras to Madrid.

How this advance information is disseminated is a mystery that the industry has not fathomed in all its fifty years. Prior to the release of an important picture, elaborate campaigns are conducted to make the man in the street "aware" of the impending epic. "The Benny Goodman Story" achieved what the researchers termed "67 per cent awareness," probably the greatest degree of saturation ever achieved. Yet the picture, though successful, is opening to far less impressive business than

(*Continued on page* 38)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SR's Book of the Week:

"THE EISENHOWER YEARS"

By JACK STEELE, *Washington correspondent for the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance.*

IT MAY be appropriate in this election year that the season for books appraising the Eisenhower Administration should open with one written by a liberal. Its author, Richard Rovere, has been analyzing the Washington scene, as well as national and international politics, for some years for *The New Yorker* and other magazines. His writing, although he tends to be glib, is always entertaining and provocative.

"Affairs of State: The Eisenhower Years" (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $4.50) is no exception. It consists largely of a collection of his magazine pieces, but they stand the test of time so well they easily bear rereading. Indeed, their perceptiveness and even prescience lifts them high above the level of most political journalism.

But interest inevitably will center on a newly-composed summary of the successes and failures of Mr. Eisenhower's first term—as Mr. Rovere sees them—with which he concludes the book. His final judgment dramatically illustrates the political dilemma which now confronts the eggheads—and all other Americans who may feel a sympathetic or ideologic attachment to the Democrats without being hell-or-high-water party members. As a result, his book may prove to be the most important and prophetic political appraisal of 1956.

Mr. Rovere, in both his summary and the earlier-written chapters, looks back with considerable nostalgia to the good old New and Fair Deal days—although he calls attention, in all fairness, to some of their shortcomings. And many—although not all—of his passing comments on the Eisenhower years are tinged with sarcasm when they are not devoted to outright and pointed criticism.

But when it comes to adding up the "trial balances" Mr. Rovere concludes that Mr. Eisenhower's three years in office must be judged—on the whole although not necessarily wholly—as a success. He comes to this judgment reluctantly. He also seems to feel that his final decision is against the weight of the evidence. His own conclusion mystifies and amazes him. But there it is.

(The author suggests one possible way out—that Mr. Eisenhower may be a shrewd politician who has pulled the wool over everyone's eyes, including his own. But obviously he doesn't quite believe that.)

Mr. Rovere's own words show how firmly he has impaled himself on the horns of the egghead's dilemma. At the risk of oversimplifying Mr. Rovere's own oversimplifications, this is the portrait of Mr. Eisenhower that emerges from his book in general and his summary in particular:

1) Mr. Eisenhower was not fitted for the nation's highest office either by previous experience or by any unusual gifts.

2) His only qualifications for the Presidency were a belief in a few copybook maxims, his brief service in Washington as Army lobbyist for General MacArthur, and his own "ineffective" term as Chief of Staff.

3) In office Mr. Eisenhower has shown "formidable indifference" toward the development of any viewpoint or overall policy for his Administration.

4) The President has found the day-to-day problems of government "tedious" and has "at no time made much of an effort to keep up with them."

5) What little effort he has made was devoted to an unsuccessful attempt to unify his own party.

THIS list could be multiplied indefinitely. It scarcely adds up to a picture of a man likely to succeed in the White House.

But when Mr. Rovere comes in the final pages of his book to balance the accounts on the Eisenhower Administration these are his conclusions:

That the President has "acquitted himself rather well" in dealing with the most crucial of his responsibilities—the conduct of foreign policy.

That Mr. Eisenhower, almost to the limit of his power, has "held the North Atlantic alliance together and strengthened it."

That the President's greatest

THE AUTHOR: There are two things that every layman wants to know about a political writer: Where's he get his dope and what's he trying to sell? The first is a matter of curiosity, the second stems from the fear of buying something that doesn't fit with what's already in the house. Richard Rovere views his profession in a different light. "I believe that it is at least theoretically possible to bring to public affairs the sympathy, interest, hope, objectivity, and rigorous discrimination that a conscientious critic brings to literature, painting, music, architecture, or any other form," he has written in the introduction to "Affairs of State: The Eisenhower Years," adding, significantly, that he is probably closer to a reviewer than a critic. He maintains his objectivity on Washington by living in Hyde Park, N. Y., an outskirt which, he is quick to point out, is only an hour and a half from the Capitol by "a very good plane service from Poughkeepsie"; he commutes roughly fifteen times a year and stays several days each trip.

As for dope, "I probably talk to other reporters more than most other reporters would admit they do," he said the other day. "I'm not after news or quotes, so from this point of view there's nothing shameful about picking the brains of other reporters." Cheerfully ticking off other sources, he listed ex-Government people living in Washington ("they have the time, the experience, and the inclination to follow things closely"), "a few Senators whom I know quite well and who know what I'm interested in," and "second- and third-echelon people—assistants and counsels who are often closer to what's going on than their employers." Following graduation from Columbia in 1937 Mr. Rovere worked for the *Nation, Common Sense, The New Yorker* (since 1944) and *Harper's* (since 1949). He is the author of books about Howe and Hummel, the lawyers, and the MacArthur-Truman controversy, with A. M. Schlesinger, Jr., and is currently planning his largest-scale review to date: "A book, really a longish essay, which will be a contemplation of American politics in the general sense." —RICHARD LEMON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

achievement was the Geneva summit conference where, in the author's view, he reestablished American prestige by pledging the East and West to an era of peaceful coexistence.

Summing it all up Mr. Rovere says: "In making a trial balance we accept the moment for what it is, and what Eisenhower's moment most urgently demanded was the holding together of the Western alliance and a determined effort to avoid the destruction of Western civilization. Eisenhower attempted to meet these responsibilities in a spirit of decency and maturity that has been a credit to him and to the country."

Not every Democrat or liberal will accept this assessment of Mr. Eisenhower's accomplishments, of course. But if it is accepted it must be conceded that Mr. Eisenhower has achieved a lot of success for a man who, in Mr. Rovere's view, had few qualifications for the Presidency and has failed even to use his limited talents in that office.

Surely Mr. Rovere can't have it both ways. Or can he? Perhaps he is only saying that a good many political pundits, including himself, were convinced that Mr. Eisenhower would be a dismal failure as President—but that the record of his first term seems to indicate that the majority of American voters who elected him in blind faith were right. And perhaps he is predicting that Ike, whose popularity does not appear to be greatly diminished, will be reelected next fall in another landslide regardless of the Democrats and eggheads. If so Mr. Rovere may be right after all.

—*From "Good Behavior."*

"Modesty."

MANNERS AND MORALS

In Praise of Civility

***"Good Behaviour," by Harold Nicholson** (Doubleday. 320 pp. $4), is a history of manners through the ages, with special reference to Britain during the past four centuries. Here it is reviewed by Wayne Andrews, author of "Architecture, Ambition, and Americans," "The Vanderbilt Legend," and other books.*

By Wayne Andrews

"I AM," Harold Nicholson admits in "Good Behaviour," "not in the least ashamed of preferring polite people to rude people, cultivated people to uncultivated people, or the gifted to the dumb." There are those who will dismiss this study of the patterns of behavior evolved by minorities through the ages as the work of a snob. Perhaps it is. Sir Harold would not be embarrassed by the accusation. As he sees it, there are two types of snobbishness, for the second of which he owns a special admiration. "The first is the desire not to be seen with undistinguished people. The second is the desire to be seen associating with distinguished people. The former is certainly offensive, since it is harsh openly to one's own family or to the friends of one's youth. The latter possesses a certain charm. To love and desire the elegant or the eminent is surely a symptom of fastidiousness and taste."

Out of his own career as an observer of good manners, and out of his vast reading—he is the master of a country house with a lavish and carefully annotated library—Sir Harold has compiled a book far too civilized for a manual of etiquette, and far too amusing to pass for another example of social history. He touches on the foibles of the great civilizations with the benign humor he spent on the weakness of Lord Curzon's valet in "Some People."

"I am," he confesses, "hostile to all patterns of conduct that are formalized, stereotyped, or rigid." So he gives little space to the Far East, even though he is well aware that "at a date when a young Samurai would be pondering whether it would be more seductive to send his love a branch of half-open blossoms, or only a row of buds, indicating expectant reserve, our own Tostig, Earl of Northumberland, would let the mutton fat congeal on his beard." He goes on to give us his impressions of the manners of Greece and Rome, and of France and Germany, but is, of course, at his very best when describing English society. "The English, with their instinctive sense of proportion, have always," he believes, "recognized the comic aspect of stratification."

In the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century Great Britain produced a rare civilization of its own. Even if there was a strange prejudice against trade, even if many country gentlemen were drunken louts who despised education, "as types of distilled civility the Whig aristocrats have never been surpassed. I rejoice," he says, "that, before respectability came to dim the skies of England, they were there, like fallow deer, to sparkle in the sun."

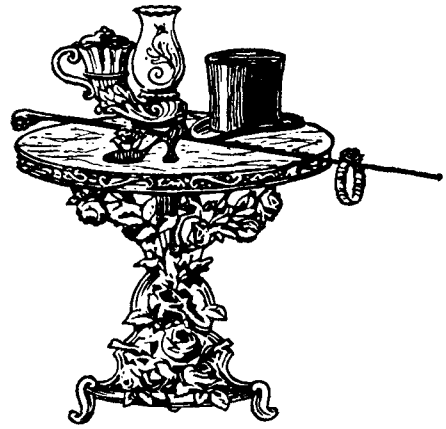
RESPECTABILITY was a deplorable nineteenth-century phenomenon. Sir Harold recalls that Hannah More was taken seriously in 1809 when she declared that "mere decorum of manners without a strict attention to religious principles is a constant source of danger to the rich and great." Later in the century came the cult for the British public schools. "At its best," the author reflects after reviewing the influence of Thomas Arnold and Thomas Hughes, "it produced a calm reflective manner by which stupidity was concealed and modesty mingled with self-assurance." But he points out that under this system "the athlete, after short years of glory, may have to endure an unhappy old age."

Too good-humored to utter a gloomy prophecy about the manners of tomorrow, Sir Harold closes with a gentle warning. "If," he reminds us, "the Welfare State is not to become uniform, and therefore dull, we must keep in our memory the diverse types of civility which with such difficulty we have created out of our European past.

"Nor is there any need for us ever to forget civilization is something more than social justice, something more than security, but also the enchantment of pleasure, the love of loveliness, the refinement of relationships, and the embellishment of life."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

England Behind the Crinoline



—*From the book jacket.*

". . . meaty gossip and scandal."

"The Girl With the Swansdown Seat," by Cyril Pearl *(Bobbs-Merrill. 263 pp. $3.95), is an account of un-Victorian life in Victorian England.*

By Hollis Alpert

THE term "mid-Victorian" is used, often, as a synonym for prudery, but before using it again it might be best for the writer or speaker first to consult Cyril Pearl's "The Girl With the Swansdown Seat." Mr. Pearl, an Englishman, has taken a close look at the morals of Queen Victoria's England, and his conclusions are not those of most of the respected writers on the period. The pretty "picture-postcard oleograph of sex life in nineteenth-century England," he states, "has no more relation to reality than Edward Lear's description of the domestic habits of the Jumblies." Mr. Pearl is not being rash, it soon becomes clear in his amusing study. He has his statistics, and he also has a rich collection of anecdotes, clippings from newspapers and periodicals, letters, and a sampling of meaty gossip and scandal. The England of the 1850s and 1860s was a lusty place indeed, and it is no wonder that the evangelicals, the Nonconformists, and the Sabbatarians were able to flourish so. It was easy to point out the sinfulness and wickedness that surrounded the proper Victorian family.

Prostitution was so widespread that an estimate of 80,000 women was accepted as the most reasonable approximation of members of the calling in London alone. Other cities had comparable figures, according to their population. The *Lancet* said that one house in every sixty in London was a brothel, which makes the total over six thousand. "The hosts of whoredom," says Mr. Pearl, "in mid-Victorian London received 2,000,000 clients per week—when the male population in London, of all ages, was about 1,300,000." The author may be going in for a bit of exaggeration here, although he claims to base his figure on the Rowntree-Lavers index (whatever that is) of twenty-five customers per prostitute per week.

There were, of course, perfectly clear economic reasons for women to "live by sin" in that rapidly industrializing period. Wages were inhumanly low, and working conditions all but intolerable. In the one out of every sixteen women who took to the streets there may have been many who adopted the life as a means of bringing their earnings up to the minimum necessary for survival. But before I give a false impression of Mr. Pearl's book I'd better say at once that the author doesn't waste too much time on numbers alone, but goes on to figures—feminine, crinolined, beribboned, and bustled.

He has a wonderful gallery of not so eminent, but nevertheless well-known Victorian women to describe, among them the famous "Skittles," and one of the first of the breed that came to be universally referred to as "the pretty horse-breakers." This term resulted from the propensity of the richer demimondes (or demireps, as they were called, too) to parade along Rotten Row in Hyde Park, where they joined London society in its glittering and fashionable parade. "The Danaes! The Amazons! The lady cavaliers! The horsewomen!" exclaimed one writer in 1859. "Can any scene in the world equal Rotten Row at four in the afternoon and in the full tide of the season?" By the Sixties the fashionable tide of kept women was dominating that scene.

IN THE event we might have any illusions left about that symbol of the purity of the mid-Victorian age, that enormous, billowing tent, the crinoline petticoat, Mr. Pearl makes it quite obvious that it was hardly "a moral garment." It swayed, it was in a constant state of agitation, "any pressure on one side of the steel hoops was communicated by their elasticity to the other side, and resulted in a sudden upward shooting of the skirt." This instrument for giving gentlemen sudden, seductive glimpses of portions of the feminine anatomy usually guarded from view was accompanied by the fashion for décolleté or, in other words, what today we call "the plunging neckline."

Mr. Pearl wanders, with worldly casualness, to facet after facet of the age, mentioning in passing that Gladstone was kind to streetwalkers, that a surprising number of middle- and upper-class Englishmen married the "hetaeras" and the pretty horse-breakers, that an expensive phaeton was deemed essential, in a law suit, to a high-class harlot's business, and that Edward, Victoria's son, was a "friend" of Skittles. The pleasure palaces are covered, too, those that catered to every class until eventually the evangelical minority in the later days of the age succeeded in closing a good many of them. Some of the most popular hostesses of the day maintained expensive houses (paid for, sometimes, by eminently respectable Victorian gentlemen) in the new suburb of St. John's Wood, a virtual seraglio for mistresses and harlots. Famous and wicked ladies like Cora Pearl occasionally moved farther afield into the *Haute Bicherie* of Paris, where they achieved even greater heights.

And who was the girl with the swansdown seat? It was none other than Skittles, born Catherine Walters, whose *cabinet* had a seat padded with swansdown, an effect that turned up in an auction after she had bolted to New York with a married man of good family.

Mr. Pearl makes little claim to giving a full and representative picture of the period. He is merely showing us the opposite face of the coin that has always seemed to land on one side. Why has the age in the popular view, at least, been covered with a veil of virtue, prudery, and respectability—from where have come those chaste young men, those simpering virgins in bastions of whalebone and steel? In part right out of the popular novel of the day, says Mr. Pearl. Even Dickens, Thackeray, and Trollope emasculated their novels according to current convention. Just so our own period might be viewed if future generations depended upon stories in *The Saturday Evening Post* for the true concept of the life of our time. Mr. Pearl, as he lifts up the veil, has a touch that is urbane and very often delightful.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two Storm Centers of French Fiction

—From jacket of "The Green Mare."

Maurice Druon and Marcel Aymé, whose just-published novels deal respectively with a courtesan of a bygone era and a family of hard-living, hard-feuding, hard-drinking Burgundy peasants, provide grist for French critics who have long enjoyed debating their stature as literary artists.

Worldly Woman

"The Film of Memory," by Maurice Druon *(translated by Moura Budberg. Charles Scribner's Sons. 171 pp. $3), tells of a retired kept woman who attempts to recreate her glamorous past.*

By Otis Fellows

MAURICE DRUON is a comparatively young writer, thirty-eight to be exact, whose previous novels have stirred up considerable reaction in France. There are those who hold with André Maurois that Druon is perhaps the most promising of the new generation of French novelists. Opposed to such a view are readers and critics alike who are quick to contend that he is little more than an energetic craftsman with otherwise undistinguished gifts. These judgments are almost entirely based on a trilogy, all three novels of which depict with somber bitterness social conflicts and human passions in a decadent French society between the two world wars.

In light of "The Film of Memory," just published in this country, M. Druon's talent as a writer of fiction may have to be evaluated anew; the story he tells suggests a creative imagination imbued with a gentle irony and sensitive understanding not apparent in his earlier works. Then, too, the nature of the subject matter amply lends itself to Druon's diversified experience as a writer, for he is an essayist, poet, playwright, and journalist.

Only its façade would indicate that the Imperatore was once one of the great luxury hotels of modern Rome. In a shabby room an aged woman, as worn as the sumptuous rags that cover her emaciated body, stares into a Florentine mirror. To some Lucrezia Sanziani was quite mad, a victim of delusions of grandeur. Others, better informed, knew that she had been one of the grand courtesans of a bygone era whose favors had been sought after by the great and near-great of Europe's most dazzling capitals.

Playing with her memories in the museum of her dead lovers she has, in this remembrance of things past, created for herself the illusion of abolished time. And with each new day Carmela, the little hotel maid, is more irresistibly drawn to Number 57 where, at first a mute and fascinated spectator, she gradually becomes a willing participant in the scenes reenacted by La Sanziani and the ghosts of her former conquests. There the last of Rome's great courtesans and the guileless chambermaid follow the course of life upstream till the older woman's youthful triumphs and spent body meet face to face in inevitable death.

In this, the first novel of a new trilogy that has been promised us, M. Druon seems to have found his true bent, for he has succeeded in skilfully uniting irony with pathos, fantasy with plausibility so that the sympathetic involvement of the reader is aroused. If now and then the author fails to avoid the pitfalls of conventionality it is only when the minor characters take over the center of the stage. But as the portrait of a woman who to the end lived her vision of life to the full "The Film of Memory" makes for enjoyable and at times absorbing reading.

Men of the Soil

"The Green Mare," by Marcel Aymé *(translated by Norman Denny. Harper. 234 pp. $3), is a loosely plotted story of loose-living peasants in Burgundy a generation or two ago.*

By Henri Peyre

ON FEW contemporary French writers is there such a wide divergence in the opinions of the so-called experts as on Marcel Aymé. Some compare him readily to Molière and Aristophanes, or at least to Maupassant, and hail his novels as modern classics of realism. Others deplore his characters, who are unconvincing, often wooden puppets totally deprived of inner life; they point severely to his inability to construct a novel which can hold together tightly.

"The Green Mare," first published in French in 1933, is the ninth volume by Aymé to appear in English translation. The translator, Norman Denny, but for a few expurgations which he probably owed to his English-speaking public, has rendered the volume, and even its racy style and boisterous bawdiness, with fidelity and vividness. One-half of Aymé's fiction, and probably the more successful half, takes place in an urban surrounding, usually Paris and more particularly Montmartre, where the author lives: "The Second Face" and "Le Bouef clandestin" (the latter as yet untranslated) are worthy of Daumier or of Toulouse-Lautrec in their gift of caricature grafted on life.

But Aymé, whose origins are in Burgundy, loves to depict life in a French village as urban dwellers like to imagine it: backward, coarse, close to that of animals, punctuated by the more than frequent interludes of undiscriminating copulation, torn by family feuds, yet somehow strangely earthy and healthy. "The Green Mare" ranks among the best of these most unidyllic pictures of country manners.

The scene is laid in the small village of Claquebue, during the period of the Second Empire and the first decades of the Third Republic. Jules Haudoin, a peasant, once had born to him a green mare; such an uncommon occurrence at once brought him respect and envy in Claquebue. A painter immortalized the green mare, and his canvas, hanging in the family dining room, witnessed all the subsequent quarrels and patching-ups of the Haudoin progeny. One of his sons, Ferdinand, the intellectual in the family, but also a selfish and plotting

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

candidate to middle-class seriousness, is the butt of Aymé's irony throughout the novel. His brother Honoré, who entertained no such pretentions, cultivated his land, believed in hard work (and, of course, in unbridled loving, in hard drinking, and in robust meals), is on the contrary treated with kindliness. Both have a family secret to conceal: their mother was raped during the Franco-Prussian War, perhaps with too nonchalant resistance on her part, by a German sergeant. But no one in the village is shocked when the secret leaks out through the negligence of the picturesque local mail-carrier.

The two main concerns of the family are to keep their children from indulging the seductive pitfalls of physical love too soon and to nurture their hatred for the Maloret family, their rivals and their foes. A series of disconnected and entertaining adventures follow, broken in by imaginary remarks on the Haudoin family made by the painted green mare.

The plot of such a loose fantasy obviously cannot be taken seriously. Like many novels by Aymé, this one is a clever patchwork of vignettes. At all times the reader is aware of being projected into a world of unreality, akin to that of Rabelais or even of Swift, where all the restraints of daily life are lifted.

Such simplification may attract those whose brains have been fatigued by Proust and Sartre, but it can hardly promise lasting fame for "The Green Mare." Sex under all its forms (except in its delicate and sentimental ones) is the obsession of all the characters. And sex, when there stand no outward obstacles, no social restraints, no psychological inhibitions between desire and fulfilment, can indeed be a dull affair. There lurks a bitter *acedia amoris* behind Marcel Aymé's strained Gallic licentiousness and there is much artificiality behind his sharp and sardonic verve.

DIPLOMATIC AFFAIR: The core of the somewhat implausible plot in **"The Consul's Wife,"** by William L. Shirer, journalist turned novelist (Little, Brown, $3.50), is: What ails Ilka? Ilka is the wife of the American consul at Pawancore, and she is beautiful and accomplished. But Ilka was a Hungarian by birth, and at Pawancore she is helping the local nationalists with confidential information picked up from her husband and from the governor-general himself. Since one of the revolutionary leaders in disguise, young Govind Singh, is a daily visitor to the consul's villa, this piece of treachery on the part of Ilka is not nearly as cumbersome as it may

W. L. Shirer—"journalist turned novelist."

seem, though just what provoked Ilka into such a course of action is not quite clear. Perhaps, in the turbulent fashion of Hungarians, she is reaching out for a great, all-encompassing act of pure selflessness that would, in retrospect, give meaning to her entire life. Or perhaps the talkative, flashy, Oxford-educated Govind Singh has beguiled her rather more than she is willing to admit to herself. At any rate, fragile as they are, such motives quickly involve Ilka in a web of violence that culminates in Govind Singh's plan to assassinate the governor-general at *her* garden party, with *her* help. By then, of course, Ilka has changed her mind, but it is too late. In the final analysis this reviewer is tempted to side with a junketing Senator who descends upon the hapless consul during the course of the novel, who demands a courier plane to take him back to Washington, and who makes one sensible remark—a remark to the effect that American consular officials abroad have no business marrying foreigners.

—Joseph Hitrec.

WILLIAM SANSOM'S MIXED BAG: The most obvious thing about William Sansom

—*Kay Bell.*

William Sansom—"unpredictable."

is that he is not one but three writers, and in his latest collection of short stories, **"A Contest of Ladies"** (Reynal, $3.50), all three varieties coexist awkwardly. In each story he is at his best, his least, or his mediocre self throughout. Take the title story. It's about an aging actor who amuses himself by taking in six women from six different countries who want to win a beauty contest, and it is the sort of story you'd expect from a gifted hack. Then there's "A Woman Seldom Found," which is about a man who unexpectedly finds a lovely, aristocratic woman who wants to sleep with him (and which reads like something written for an undercounter magazine by Franz Kafka). Fortunately, however, the very good stories are in the majority. In " A Roman Holiday" an Englishman admires St. Peter's because the statues remind him of "Selby's advertisements for Ladies' Spring Gowns," and probably there has never been a better story about the urbanite who thinks he loves the country and is terrified by nature than is "A Country Walk." Best of all are two very short stories, "Alicia" and "Pas de Deux." The first of these is about a girl of three who is never perturbed by what disturbs her seniors; the second is a cold and unforgettable telling of the lovemaking of a male and a female spider.

Since Mr. Sansom gives so much that is good and excellent it seems unfair to carp at his unevenness. No modern short-story writers except Erskine Caldwell, Walter Van Tilburg Clark, and Eudora Welty (and these only at their best) have his ability literally to cast a spell from which you can never recover. "Somewhere," Horace Gregory has said, "in William Sansom exists the best, the most unpredictable writer of short fiction that England has produced since the death of D. H. Lawrence." One keeps hoping that he will learn in both his short stories and his novels to maintain the very high level of which he has shown that he is capable instead of descending, as he so frequently does, into slickness—and worse.

—Harvey Curtis Webster.

SEX AND EXCITEMENT IN THE JUNGLE: On the cover of William Manchester's **"Shadow of the Monsoon"** (Doubleday, $4.50), there is a composite of a man, a woman, and a tiger. The man looks wistful, the woman looks confused, and only the tiger conveys any real sense of character. Surrounding these figures there is a dense, tangled undergrowth, and above hangs a veil of impenetrable fog. Presumably the artist was striving to capture the spirit

(*Continued on page* 26)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INDIA: TWO VIEWS

—*New York Times.*

ROBERT TRUMBULL, chief of *The New York Times* Tokyo bureau, has been a newspaperman all his adult life. A native of Chicago, a graduate of the University of Illinois, he started as a reporter on *The Honolulu Advertiser,* later became its city editor. Joining *The Times* during World War II, he covered Pacific fighting fronts; then came the seven-year tour of duty that gave him the material for "As I See India" (below).

—*Louise Barker.*

CYNTHIA BOWLES, who will be twenty this summer, is now a student at Oberlin and hopes to become a public-health nurse after graduation. She was in her second year at the Essex, Conn., high school in 1951 when her father, former advertising executive and Governor of Connecticut, was appointed U. S. Ambassador to India. Her book "At Home in India" (below) is an account of the twenty-one months that followed.

1. Correspondent

"As I See India," by Robert Trumbull *(William Sloane. 256 pp. $4). Margaret Parton, who covered India for* The New York Herald-Tribune *before becoming associate editor of the* Ladies' Home Journal, *reviews Mr. Trumbull's and Miss Bowles's books on this and the next page.*

INDIA has a curious effect on observers; curious in the diversity of reaction and reflection it arouses. Half a dozen books immediately tumble to mind. "Ambassador's Report"—emotional, cause-pleading, filled with good will. "Mother India"—a sewer inspector's report, Gandhi called it, and rightly so. "An American in India"—a frightened alarm on the Red dawn in Bharat by a lecturer who saw only the worst of the pseudo-intellectuals. "My Gandhi"—spiritual India, and why are we all so wicked? "Just Half a World Away"—one of the few recent books which catches the timeless essence of India and places it in a present context. The main thing they all have in common is that each reflects the emotional reaction of the author to particular facts of diverse India.

And that is why Mr. Trumbull's "As I See India" is both refreshing and, in a very minor way, disappointing.

It is refreshing, first of all, because it is so dispassionate. This, of course, is only to be expected, since Mr. Trumbull was *The New York Times*'s correspondent in India for seven years—and if *The Times* trains its reporters in anything (which it certainly does) it trains them in dispassion. "As I See India" is, therefore, exactly what should be expected from one of the world's best newspaper's best reporters.

Offhand this reviewer, who tries to keep up with them all, can't think of any other book about India which covers as many beat and off-beat subjects as this one does. W. Norman Brown's "The United States and India and Pakistan" may have more facts on recent history to the square inch but, after all, Dr. Brown didn't actually go to the Kashmir war and see how it was. Mr. Trumbull did. His conclusions will not make the Indians happy.

Mr. Trumbull also rode refugee trains under attack during the riots and migrations of 1947, and his description of his experiences is accurate, objective, and not nearly as hair-raising as the riots actually were. This reviewer, who also covered that incredible slaughter, has always agreed with Mr. Trumbull's belief that "the fault of the correspondents, myself included, was in failing to impart in their daily dispatches a sense of the full enormity of what was going on around them."

But the riots, quite rightly, are a minor part of Mr. Trumbull's reminiscences; what he is doing here is to remember seven years in a dramatic and significant country, and also to give a bird's-eye view of every conceivable problem which plagues or intrigues India today. Anglo-Indians, linguistics, Kashmir, maharajahs, Pakistan, land reform, "Crazy Mixed-Up Communists" (as he calls them), earthquakes, monkeys, heat, the Gandhian residue, spirituality *versus* materialism—in swift and telling paragraphs Mr. Trumbull covers them all.

It is in the political sphere in which Mr. Trumbull obviously feels most at home. He was privileged to have many lengthy and informal interviews with Prime Minister Nehru, and his understanding of the Prime Minister is as evident as his sympathy—a detached sympathy, of course, befitting his training. The chapter on India's foreign policy, in particular, should be required reading for every American politician, statesman, editorial writer, or visitor to India; no better, simpler, or more accurate explanation has (as far as this reviewer knows) been made. Anyone who has ever lived in India knows the absurdity of ever thinking Nehru or the country seriously pro-Communist; Mr. Trumbull has the patience to discuss the absurdity, and strip it, with a straight face.

The disappointment we have left to the end, for it is perhaps a personal reaction—this feeling that Mr. Trumbull himself has remained untouched by the India in which he lived for seven years. Timeless, enduring, written in the smoke of the cow-dust hour and the faces of ancient peasants, it seems to lurk just out of sight of the gay memories, the interesting and not too tedious facts. Where is India? And where, for that matter, is Mr. Trumbull? He remains forever the sharp-eyed, the inquiring, the dispassionate American reporter.

2. Envoy's Daughter

"At Home in India," by Cynthia Bowles *(Harcourt, Brace. 180 pp. $3).*

ENCOUNTERS between India and the foreigner who lives there often become a test of character—not of the Indian, but of the foreigner. "They never smile," says one Westerner. "They're all sullen and grim." But Cynthia Bowles thought it was "the friendliest country in the world." So often it depends on what you bring with you, on what you want to find.

Cynthia Bowles brought a great deal with her when at fifteen she arrived in India, where her father was to be the new American ambassador. The product of a civilized New England family, she brought tolerance and an eagerness to learn, she brought a heart which could be touched. Best of all, she brought youth, untarnished yet by boredom or prejudice against alien ways of life. With these gifts it was inevitable that she would plunge headfirst into the human life of India, shock many of the diplo-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

matic-set mem sahibs ("My dear, one simply does *not* wear native dress!"), and eventually emerge with a book about her experiences. The book's name: "At Home in India."

Miss Bowles very soon adopted pajamas and tunic, the Indian schoolgirl dress, for they were much more comfortable when she rode her bicycle every day to the tent school on the hot plains outside New Delhi. She made friends with Indian girls and was somewhat shocked to discover that while she herself was becoming Indianized they were trying their best to act "American"—which to them meant high heels, nail polish, and lots of lipstick. Miss Bowles must have been something of a shock to them too.

THESE, of course, were upper-class girls from Westernized Indian families. Later, as she learned Hindi, Miss Bowles moved into other circles, and ones where she obviously felt more at home. One hot summer she worked as a volunteer in the children's ward of one of Delhi's hospitals; the next winter she attended Santiniketan University, founded by Rabindranath Tagore. Then, still driven by that sense of guilt which assails sensitive foreigners in India, the desperate shame of having enough to eat while others are so obviously hungry, she began living in villages.

"I, as an outsider, found beauty, friendliness, and quiet at Chawla," she writes of one of them. "But had I been born in that village, had I grown up illiterate and sometimes hungry when the crops were not as big as had been hoped for, and, as a young person, had gone away from the village and seen the comforts of other people, perhaps then I would have been able to feel only hatred for the village way of life. . . .

"Unnecessary disease and ill health are ugly. Hunger is ugly. Illiteracy and ignorance are ugly. Perhaps it was because I, an outsider, had never had to experience their ugliness, and because I knew that people were trying hard to erase the ugliness, that I could see beauty in the village."

In this passage you have in essence most of the virtues of Miss Bowles's book, the sympathy, the understanding, the simplicity. She writes rather like Mrs. Roosevelt, and she has the same heart—a rather surprising quality in a girl of nineteen. And if she sometimes seems middle-aged in her earnestness, if her social judgments are a trifle large to sit gracefully, it is unimportant. She is still a happier representative of Western youth today than, shall we say, Françoise Sagan.

Red Peninsula

"The Balkans in Our Time," by Robert Lee Wolff *(Harvard University Press. 618 pp. $8), is a scholarly study of four countries long coveted by Russia because of their access to warm water. Emil Lengyel, who reviews it here, is the author of "The Danube."*

By Emil Lengyel

THE Balkans have been making headlines for generations because of their strategic location between East and West. They belonged neither to the one nor to the other because the ethnic cocktail filling the peninsula could not be "homogenized" by either side. Long before the Soviets sought to fill this power vacuum Imperial Russia attempted to make it the foundation of a highway to warm southern waters. However, every time it reached in this direction it got into hot water because there has always been an England which felt its slender imperial lifelines threatened.

Following the Second World War the Russians, in their new Communist guise, managed to penetrate into the heart of the Balkans; but access across Greece to warm water continued to elude them. Moreover, because of the defection of Yugoslavia from the orthodox Communist faith, it was a rump Balkans to which Pax Sovietica was extended.

Robert Lee Wolff, who teaches Byzantine, Ottoman, Russian, and Balkan history at Harvard, tells the story of the strife-torn peninsula in all its drama in a fine book called "The Balkans in Our Time." He deliberately omits Greece because he considers it more Mediterranean than Balkan and Hungary because it is neither of nor in the Balkans though linked to it with many strands. The nations he studies are, therefore, Rumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, and Albania. After briefly introducing the "scene" and the "characters, in order of their appearance," he touches upon the legacy of dead empires before turning to the current scene. On that crowded stage he omits few important features, playing the spotlight on politics, economics, social and cultural life.

One of the most interesting aspects of Professor Wolff's story is the manner in which the Communist regimes of the area were established, and he tells it in detail. Between the world wars the governments of all these countries were violently anti-Communist, creating mass aversion to the Soviets. For this reason Moscow had to resort to such devices as Popular, Patriotic, and Fatherland Fronts to gain its ends. Since World War II three of the countries have remained Soviet satellites, but Yugoslavia detached itself from the Soviet sphere and began to practise a Communist heresy, "Titoism," compounded of dynamic nationalism and diluted Bolshevism.

As a scholarly study "The Balkans in Our Time" is unusual for several reasons. It is not an encyclopedia and yet its author's knowledge is encyclopedic. It can be read with relish even by the layman. Professor Wolff writes well. He is at home in all these countries, even in little-known Albania. This would be a record even for a native Balkanite, but he is a native-born American. He seems to be able to read the Balkan languages. No other work now available contains so much recent economic information on these countries. So rich is its content that it must be the last word in Balkanology.

DARJEELING TEA-PLANTER: David Wilson Fletcher is a free-lance English writer who backs up his earnings from writing by helping to manage a tea plantation in Darjeeling, near the Himalayas in Northern India. The plantation is in a remote valley, accessible from the outside world only by means of a terrifying motor ride over a crumbling road that winds through mountains and around precipices. The slow pace of life in this valley, the strangeness of the Nepali coolies who pick the tea, and the sense of awe which permeates even the smallest details of life carried on in the shadow of the mountain Kanchenjunga—these feelings are all admirably conveyed in his new book, **"Himalayan Tea Garden"** (Crowell, $4.50). One wishes, however, that he had chosen a title that suggested less coziness, for this mountain land he describes is violent and extreme; leopards stalk through the gardens, storms sweep down off the highest mountains in the world, and landslides peril the author's bungalow during the monsoon rains.

One wishes also that the author had managed to convey his love for the Nepalese coolies (whose work he oversees) without sounding so much like the *sahibs* who have poisoned the Asian's attitude toward the white world for so many years. But these are carping objections. The book gives a fine idea of both the overwhelming wildness of the Himalayan landscape and the gentle humanity of its native inhabitants.

—THOMAS E. COONEY.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSICIANS IN COVERS

Reviews of Six New Biographies by Victor I. Seroff

—*Culver.*

"Music in My Time: The Memoirs of Alfredo Casella." Translated and edited by Spencer Norton, University of Oklahoma Press, $4.

ALFREDO CASELLA, an Italian composer, conductor, concert pianist, lecturer, and piano teacher (1883-1947), was fifty-five when he wrote his memoirs, which he said did not offer anything extraordinary—"a life of a man who has given all of himself to art and to his country." This, no doubt, is true of Casella the musician. Casella the author of "Music in My Time" had the rich material that came within the scope of his own experience and observation. Born in Italy, at the age of thirteen Casella came to Paris where first as a student and later as an artist he joined one of the most interesting phases in the development of modern music. He knew Ravel, Mahler, Ysaye, Stravinsky, Cortot, Enesco, Casals, Diaghilev and the members of his ballet, D'Annunzio, Cocteau, Picasso, and . . . practically everybody who called himself a musician or had something to do with the arts. He traveled to Russia, the United States, and South America. For three seasons (1926-1929) Casella conducted the Boston Pops orchestra, he was Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge's protegé with his trio, shared with Béla Bartók a prize of ten thousand dollars for a composition at the Musical Fund Society of Philadelphia contest, played for President Franklin D. Roosevelt at the White House, visited Russia before the revolution, was taken by Koussevitzky to play for Tolstoy at Yasnaya Polyana, twice returned to the USSR after the revolution, besides all his activities in Europe and in his native Italy—and yet with all this wealth of experience from which to draw Casella's reminiscences are too sketchy to have any value as additional records for the well-informed on the subject and too nebulous or insufficient for those who seek information for the first time. It is a pity, for if Casella had concentrated more on the development of modern music in his own country he perhaps would have filled the gap in the history. He complains too often about his enemies, particularly in Italy, but fails to make clear the cause of their animosity—whether personal or because of general prejudice against the new trends he brought with him and tried to introduce—and who should have known this better than Casella.

—*Culver.*

"Elgar: A Study of A Musician," by Percy Young. Macmillan, $6.

EDWARD ELGAR is the subject of a new study by Percy Young, and it is one of the hardest books to get at, or to get through, I have ever read. Mr. Young has assembled so much data, so many details, names of people, localities, and even streets—a great many of them utterly extraneous—that the personality of the composer and his life story have to be dug out. There is no doubt that having had access to the Elgar family's archives the author did a tremendous amount of research. This volume is to be followed by two more —one consisting of Elgar's letters, and the other devoted to the musical analyses of his work. These may turn out to be more interesting; they can hardly be more discouraging. If they are as ponderous as this first book this voluminous Elgariana will prove that some composers' lives simply do not lend themselves to such extensive literary treatment.

"Ernest Chausson," by Jean-Pierre Barricolli and Leo Weinstein. University of Oklahoma Press, $4.

ERNEST CHAUSSON was a French composer (1855-1899) best known for his "Poème"—a must in practically every concertizing violinist's repertoire. Although the subtitle of Jean-Pierre Barricolli's and Leo Weinstein's volume reads "The composer's life and works," the authors claim that it is not a biography, taking a firm stand against biographies *en principe,* and stating that it is, in their words, "less a re-creation than a suggestion." Be that as it may, the book is nevertheless divided into two parts, separating the analyses of Chausson's works from his life story, which is narrated in chronological order. I find that the analyses, offered here in a sort of "music appreciation" style and arbitrary as they are, have far more value, especially to those who would like a glimpse of his lesser-known works, than the story of his life, which could have been made more interesting. Chausson was well off, never had to bother about earning a living, was happily married, traveled wherever and whenever he pleased, and had a great many interesting friends in the musical, artistic, and literary worlds. He died at the age of forty-four, killing himself accidentally when he ran his bicycle into a stone wall on one of his usual afternoon rides. But despite the authors' warning in the introduction of "the paucity of surface drama in his public life" and of the impossibility of probing into the depth of Chausson's feelings "because of the strong sense of opposition that well-bred privacy interposes," the portrait still could have been drawn more vividly, even without documentation, had the authors handled the little information they had more skilfully. I have read many so-called essays, particularly favored by the French, which are supposed to "create," or should I say "suggest," the whole by a few unrelated strokes thrown here and there on the canvas like a modern painting. In writing, inevitably, these "strokes" result in lack of continuity and loose ends. Neither scholarly nor fictional, they are more irritating than informative.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KATHLEEN FERRIER, whose premature death at the age of forty-one put a tragic end to one of the greatest singing careers of our time, was born in 1912 in Lancashire, England—where, on the whole, they prefer a lady and a gentleman to an artist. In her family they "made music" to pass the time; but when "Kath" sang her mother told her to "shut up." In Lancashire such remarks imply affection, for "it is a Lancashire custom to lock endearment up in the heart except at weddings, Christmas, and at funerals." And probably for the same reason her appearance was described as "plain." Kathleen studied the piano and by the time she was nineteen had won many contests; but when a friend offered her a bet, one shilling's worth, to join a contest for *singers* she accepted—and won. This challenge decided her career. It took talent, determination, and courage for her to travel the long road from the local post office, where she worked as a switchboard operator, to the Salzburg Festival—from "the line is busy" to the heart-rending tones of Gustav Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde," which earned her a place among the foremost contraltos. After years of study she scored successes in Vienna, Holland, and England, and became a favorite soloist with Bruno Walter and Sir John Barbirolli. The illustrations in this interesting little volume show how the awkward, bony girl blossomed into a beautiful woman. And the contributions by Neville Cardus, music critic; Roy Henderson, her teacher; Gerald Moore, her accompanist; Benjamin Britten, in whose opera "The Rape of Lucretia" she sang the main role; Bruno Walter, and Sir John Barbirolli offer touching vignettes of a great artist departed too soon.

"Kathleen Ferrier: A Memoir," edited by Neville Cardus. Putnam, $3.

AARON COPLAND is considered the dean of American composers and next to George Gershwin is best known abroad. Julia Smith's is not the first book about him or the last. But it is the most complete, for I doubt that the author in her meticulous treatment of the subject has overlooked a single thing. And there is little wonder. In 1945 Miss Smith chose Aaron Copland as the subject for her Ph. D. thesis at New York University and worked on it for five years. Originally the dissertation was twice as long, but even in its present version it is complete enough. I must warn the reader, however, that this is a book for musicians, for the major part of it consists of careful analyses of the composer's work, and therefore the layman will get an unsatisfactory picture of Copland the man. The book has both advantages and drawbacks. The drawback is the obvious one of not presenting a critical study of the *man*; but the advantage is considerable. Since Mr. Copland himself went over the manuscript the book has the stamp of authenticity and the seal of approval for Miss Smith's own interpretations of his music. These, besides being useful for students, can serve as program notes wherever and whenever the works are performed. And the appendix, consisting of complete lists of Copland's music, criticisms, literary works, and recordings, serves as a useful and convenient reference. Mr. Copland, at fifty-five, is engaged in every field of musical activity: besides composing, he is a lecturer, critic, author, and a sort of "godfather" to the young generation of American composers. There will be more chapters to add to this study, and more books to be written, but Miss Smith's volume will always serve as an indispensable basis.

"Aaron Copland," by Julia Smith. Dutton, $5.

YEHUDI MENUHIN is the violinist who in 1925, at the age of nine, startled musicians with his prodigious talent. Today Mr. Menuhin, aged forty and I hope his own free agent, should have suggested to Robert Magidoff, author of his new biography, that the manuscript be published in a limited edition for "about one hundred people, in six countries of Europe and in a dozen cities in the United States who gave generously of their time and placed at [his] disposal diaries, letters, and photographs." For I feel that Mr. Magidoff did a disservice to Menuhin by this unnecessarily detailed discourse on the violinist's relationship with his family. Writing about a man's infancy and adolescence is one of the hardest parts of doing a biography—all children are cute and some are more "bratty" than others—but when the subject remains an adolescent for three-quarters of the book, then to keep the reader's interest alive becomes a formidable task. Mr. Magidoff begins with the premise that Yehudi "was universally hailed as the greatest child prodigy since Mozart"—an extravagant statement not to be taken seriously or as something unusual. He then laboriously, quoting every available source, proves something that no one ever doubted—that Menuhin was a remarkably gifted child. In presenting Menuhin's personality Mr. Magidoff lacks the critical ability of selecting material, and he writes at such a high pitch of unbounded enthusiasm that it weakens the narrative. This lengthy and somewhat fatuous essay abounds in clichés, superlatives, axioms known to every musician, and the "utterings" of Menuhin in his teens, which should properly be forgotten rather than recorded. This book would have had much more value had the author shown deeper insight and greater objectivity. As it is, Mr. Menuhin's playing deserves something better.

"Yehudi Menuhin: The Story of the Man and the Musician," by Robert Magidoff. Doubleday, $4.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Writer's Correspondence

"The George Eliot Letters," edited by Gordon S. Haight *(Yale University Press. Vol. IV, 502 pp. Vol. V, 475 pp. Vol. VI, 440 pp. Vol. VII, 535 pp. $25), completes a monumental edition of the letters of a nineteenth-century English novelist who was not celebrated for her epistolary talent. Here it is reviewed by DeLancey Ferguson, retired professor of English at Brooklyn College.*

By DeLancey Ferguson

WITH four more volumes—Volume Four to Volume Seven inclusive—Gordon S. Haight concludes his monumental edition of the George Eliot Letters. The work shows the same high standards of scholarship which marked the earlier volumes and also, one regrets to add, the same low standards of interest.

The first three volumes brought George Eliot up to the end of 1861, when she was making her preliminary studies for "Romola." By that time her literary reputation was secure, her chief decisions, intellectual and emotional, had been made, her private life had taken the pattern from which it never varied so long as G. H. Lewes lived. She had, moreover, acquired her protective shells—the one, self-secreted, which kept her from confiding her deeper feelings even to her intimates; the other, lovingly constructed by Lewes and John Blackwood, which shielded her from the slightest breath of hostile criticism.

As in the earlier volumes, her friends allude to her humor. Bret Harte, who met her less than a year before her death, reported her talk as "Wise and sweet and humorous. It was like her books—or her written speech when she moralizes—but I thought it kinder and less hard than some of her satire." But again the humor is absent from her letters. In the whole four volumes the nearest approach to a witticism is her remark to Blackwood that "it was pleasant to see your handwriting again, and I suppose as long as we are in the flesh a friend's handwriting in the form of a cheque will always be particularly touching."

As before, Lewes supplies most of the lighter touches in the correspondence. It was he, not his wife, who met the King of the Belgians and found him "amiable and uninteresting" though "not silly—which for a crowned head is something!" He could even jest about his sincere admiration for his wife's work. When "Middlemarch" was on the stocks he told Mrs. Cross, "She is writing—writing—writing!—To parody Garrick's admirer I will say—'Why, Sir, *away* from the desk she is a perfect woman, but *at* the desk—oh!—my!!—God!!!'"

To protect her from her recurrent self-doubt Lewes censored her reading. Only the most laudatory comment was allowed to reach her eyes; even that, oftener than not, was read to her. In this conspiracy of adulation the Blackwoods joined. When Alexander Main, a fervent worshiper, compiled a volume of her "Sayings," and later a "birthday book" the Blackwoods privately called him "the Gusher," but allowed no hint of this mockery to reach the ears of their most valuable author.

John Blackwood, in fact, is the most interesting person in the correspondence, which gives glimpses of a pleasant family life as well as the full-length record of his business dealings. Lewes was a hard bargainer and ably coached his wife—her royalties, modern authors will note with envy, averaged about 25 per cent of the retail price. The Blackwoods's margin of profit was narrow, but they made up for it in prestige and steady sales.

WHEN George Eliot accepted another publisher's offer of $7,000 for "Romola" the Blackwoods were indignant, in private. Their letters speak of her "going over to the enemy," of "the voracity of Lewes." John, however, thought literary quarrels vulgar: "I shall not quarrel but I shall make myself much more effectively understood and felt by not doing so." When they next met she attempted a sort of apology. "I did not wish any *confidences,*" John reported, "nor in her peculiar circumstances to hit her, so merely looked her full in the face and shaking hands said, 'I'm fully satisfied that it must have been a very sharp pang to you,' and came away." The fruit of such forbearance was her return to the house of Blackwood for the rest of her literary career.

Of the outward aspects of that career these letters give almost day-to-day documentation. We know where George Eliot was; we know who came to her Sunday evening receptions; we know the books which she and Lewes read. But of what she thought about her books or her guests we get only the most fleeting glimpses. In one passage we learn that she thought Walter Pater's "Studies in the History of the Renaissance" "quite poisonous in its false principles of criticism and false conceptions of life." In another she admits that Herbert Spencer's self-centeredness is sometime hard to take: "You must not regard him in the light of a person who will be moved by sympathies. . . . He comes and consults us about his own affairs, and that is his way of showing friendship. We never dream of telling him *our* affairs, which would certainly not interest him." Some 400 pages separate these two passages, but the whole 400 contain nothing more revealing of the author's mind.

In short, George Eliot, like Robert Browning, reserved all her best ideas for her books. Some reviewers have temperately remarked that she is not among the great letter-writers. An intemperate reviewer might go further and say that these are among the dullest letters ever put into print.

The Third Poet

I drank a little brandy and water and was in heaven. "Journal of Dorothy Wordsworth," Grasmere, May 4, 1802.

By Katharine Day Little

DOROTHY
walked with William gleefully
watching wind and wave and tree,
William's extra eye was she,
William's second brain was she
and her heart like William's danced
where the golden flowers pranced
by the lakeside, gleefully.

Dorothy
mended William's shirts and socks
braved the gales and climbed the rocks
strode with Coleridge on the fell
(and strove with him when he fell
into his own private hell)
and she listened endlessly,
to two poets endlessly
poet in her heart as well.

Then, one day, she says, I drank
a little brandy—(Dorothy
resting on a heather-bank)
and was happy. Did he thank
William, in solemnity
his Lord God, for Dorothy?
Ah, he should have, shouldn't he?
Shouldn't we?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Scandals, Amours, Hysterics, and Louis XIV

"Letters from Madame La Marquise de Sévigné," selected and translated by Violet Hammersley *(Harcourt, Brace. 389 pp. $6.75), is a new collection of representative writing by an eighteenth-century Frenchwoman celebrated for her epistolary talent. Our reviewer is Robert Halsband, whose biography of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu will be published later this year.*

By Robert Halsband

THE letters of Madame de Sévigné need no recommendation today. Although her English counterpart Lady Mary Wortley Montagu called them tittle-tattle and Voltaire considered them inferior to Lady Mary's own letters, the Frenchwoman easily shines in the brilliant sunshine of Louis XIV's world. An incomplete, inaccurate selection of her letters was first published in 1726; since then successive editors have enlarged the canon and purged the text. At present there is in progress a new edition by Gérard Gailly which when completed will contain the definitive text.

In the meantime Madame de Sévigné's letters have been "selected, translated, and introduced" by Violet Hammersley. In its favor it can be said that the selection of 272 letters (though most of them have passages snipped out) include the choice phases of their writer's interests and felicities. What she wrote about the French court is gossip elevated to art. She set forth the scandals, intrigues, amours, illnesses, and death with the intimacy and vividness of the best social chroniclers. These qualities animate her delightful sketches of the Grande Mademoiselle's frustrated marriage, the cook Vatel's fatal pride, the presentation of a gold gown to Madame de Montespan, the reception of the exiled James II and his Queen. Any event of public or private moment went into the frequent letters sent to amuse her beloved daughter, Madame de Grignan. As with so many of her contemporaries, her health and that of her friends was a source of detailed interest. When she describes the cure she took at Vichy we can only shudder and wonder that she survived it.

"C'est le hasard qui conduit nos plumes," is her remark (edited out of a letter by Miss Hammersley). Her pen led her everywhere, and the range of her subjects is immense. But her greatest gift, perhaps, is that whatever she dealt with she leavened with humor and humaneness. (Her acceptance of the incredible brutality of public executions was that of her time and place.) If La Rochefoucauld was one of her intimate friends, she avoided his acerbity and cynicism. Only in her hysterical love for her daughter did she go beyond the limits of good sense.

The fullest appreciation of these letters, however, is hampered by Miss Hammersley's faulty editing and translation. She hacks out so many passages (in favor of ". . .") that the style of the letters seems breathless and staccato. The omissions are sometimes tasteless or senseless. When, for example, Madame de Sévigné writes that the English Queen is intelligent and then quotes her witty compliment to the French King, the witty sentence is deleted—in favor of three dots. At the end the letter which Miss Hammersley implies is the last surviving one was certainly followed by three or more. In fact, a comparison of various passages with a French text discloses frequent lapses of accuracy where the translator has embroidered a pungent phrase or unaccountably excised a word or two. As a preface to the selection Somerset Maugham utters some brief and languid generalities; they add nothing to the book except a distinguished contemporary name on the title page.

—*From "Letters from Madame La Marquise de Sévigné."*

La Sévigné—"we shudder and wonder."

OVER HENRY'S SHOULDER: Henry James did not believe in preserving letters. One day, late in life, he consigned to a large bonfire in his garden the accumulated correspondence of forty years. Long before that he had begun insistently to ask his correspondents to do their share by burning his letters to them, and he had, he thought, good reason: the artist should exist only in the "invulnerable granite" of his art. Every paper burned, he wrote, forces the critic or biographer to confront the work of art itself, without any intervention of the private crotchets of its creator. Fortunately, his correspondents did not all heed the novelist's admonition, so that thousands of his letters have been saved from the fire to form a kind of invulnerable residue of what Henry James thought or felt in his less public moments. From these Leon Edel has chosen one hundred and twenty, half of which are printed for the first time, to present in **"The Selected Letters of Henry James"** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $4).

"The reading of the correspondence of great men," explains Mr. Edel, "is, after all, a socially accepted form of eavesdropping," and therefore most of us will feel little embarrassment when we watch over Henry James's shoulder as he argues amiably with his family and friends, as he writes good, succinct, hard-headed letters to publishers, or as he squirms uncomfortably through long, involved sentences which attempt graciously to explain to some friendly fellow author that he appreciates the gift of the author's book but doesn't care much for the book itself. Sometimes, that is, he is empty and rhetorical, but usually he is, even when very self-conscious, very charming. As Mr. Edel puts it, he "was incapable of offering a thought without pinning a flower in its buttonhole and the reverse of this was that he could disguise the absence of thought by a shameless gilding of his verbal lilies." But with a thought or without, these letters add to our conviction that his residue seems often quite as good as another man's granite.

—LEWIS LEARY.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

Editor: Norman Cousins
Chairman, Editorial Board: Henry Seidel Canby
Chairman, Board of Directors: E. DeGolyer
Associate Editors: Amy Loveman, Harrison Smith, Irving Kolodin

Assistant Editor
Eloise Perry Hazard

Book Review Editor
Raymond Walters, Jr.

Feature Editor
Peter Ritner

Editors-at-Large
Cleveland Amory
Harrison Brown
Joseph Wood Krutch
Walter Millis
Elmo Roper
John Steinbeck
Francis Henry Taylor

Contributing Editors
John Mason Brown
Bennett Cerf
Henry Hewes
John Lear
James Thrall Soby
Horace Sutton
John T. Winterich

Publisher
J. R. Cominsky

Associate Publisher
W. D. Patterson

Contents Copyrighted, 1956, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

Tidying Up the Mess

Editor's Note: *The following guest editorial is drawn from a paper presented recently by George F. Kennan, former U.S. Ambassador to the USSR, before the American Historical Association. It appears here by special arrangement with* The Review of Politics *(Notre Dame), which is publishing the full paper in April.*

DIPLOMATIC history is, of course, only one phase of political history generally. It is a part of the study of man in his behavior as a political animal; and it concerns itself with what occurs at that particular point of friction where the activity of one sovereign political authority rubs and grates on that of another. It is, of course, the element of *sovereignty* on both sides that gives to the contact at this point that peculiar delicacy, that charged, explosive quality, that final unpredictability by which it is distinguished.

All other human contacts, it seems, take place within the limits of some recognized framework of obligation, supported by some sort of physical sanction. There is always, at least in theory, some rule or some higher authority to which appeal may be taken. But the sovereign national state, this child of the modern age, notwithstanding the mantle of nebulous moral obligation in which it likes to wrap itself, still recognizes in the crucial moments of its own destiny no law but that of its own egoism—no higher focus of obligation, no overriding ethical code.

I am often accused of approving this state of affairs because I insist on the recognition of its reality. Actually, I think, no one could be more sadly conscious than is the professional diplomatist of the primitiveness, the anarchism, the intrinsic absurdity of the modern concept of sovereignty. Could anything be more absurd than a world divided into several dozens of large secular societies, each devoted to the cultivation of the myth of its own overriding importance and virtue, of the sacrosanctity of its own unlimited independence?

A thousand times right are the enthusiasts of world government in their protest against the philosophic childishness of this concept, however many times wrong they may be in their ideas as to how it might be corrected. But the diplomatist, as people frequently forget, is the servant of this system of national states; it is precisely to the working of this imperfect mechanism that his efforts are dedicated. He is professionally condemned to tinker with its ill-designed parts like a mechanic with a badly built and decrepit car, aware that his function is not to question the design or to grumble over the decrepitude, but to keep the confounded contraption running, some way or other.

When, therefore, the diplomatist thinks about diplomatic history, his thoughts turn in the first instance to the nature and personality of the sovereign state. He knows this in part, of course, from the example of those governments with which he has been obliged to deal as a foreign representative. But he knows it better still from his intimacy with his own government. The personality of his own government presses itself upon him over the course of the years with a great vividness, with a sort of inexorable and commanding finality. It is the primary, overriding, unalterable reality of his professional world. And he is often moved to reflect on the extraordinary nature of this governmental personality: on its imperious authoritarianism toward its servants; its indomitable self-righteousness; its smugness and self-centeredness; its infuriating air of optimism and unconcern; its preposterous claim to infallibility; its frequent impoliteness; its stubborn and impudent silences; its insistence on the right not to answer letters; its bland assumption that because *it* has not made up its mind reality should be expected to stand still until it does . . .

THE professional diplomatist sees the relations between governments as largely the product of the follies and ambitions and brutalities of that minority of the human race which is always attracted by the possibility of exercising power over the remainder of it in whatever political framework the age provides. He sees the task of diplomacy as essentially a menial one, consisting of hovering around the fringes of a process one is powerless to control, tidying up the messes other people have made, attempting to keep small disasters from turning into big ones, moderating the passions of governments and of opinionated individuals, and attempting to transmit to one's own government the unwelcome image of the outside world—but always, mark you, only in discreet, moderate doses, bearing in mind the lowliness of the diplomatic estate in the general governmental order—bearing in mind that the truth about external reality will never be wholly compatible with those internal ideological fictions which the national state engenders and by which it always lives.

The diplomatist believes deeply in the importance and necessity of his menial function. He harbors the desperate, instinctive conviction that if he were not there to perform it things would be much worse. And he cherishes this conviction with double intensity, because he is so lonely in it. He knows that he has little possibility of ever making his usefulness widely comprehensible to the people he serves. He knows that he could win much greater approval and popularity, at any given moment, by a liberal measure of charlatanism: by abusing the responsibilities he bears, by exploiting the ignorance and prejudice of others, by inflaming rather than assuaging the passions of men and then making himself the mouthpiece of those passions. But this, happily, is rarely—almost never—his nature. It goes against the grain of the

(*Continued on page* 40)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

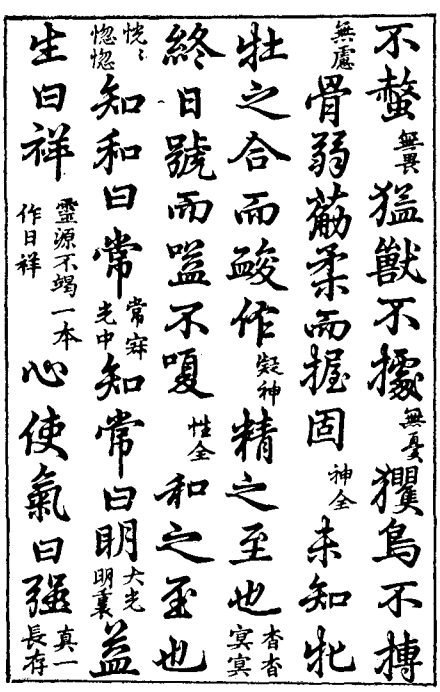
LAO-TSE TRANSPOSED

APPARENTLY THE Chinese language presents frustrating problems to American editors as well as to the Chinese. I am referring to "The Language Front in China," by James D. White [*SR* Mar. 17], in which the panel of Chinese writing you sample for your readers is upside-down. Yours for a more intelligible Chinese!

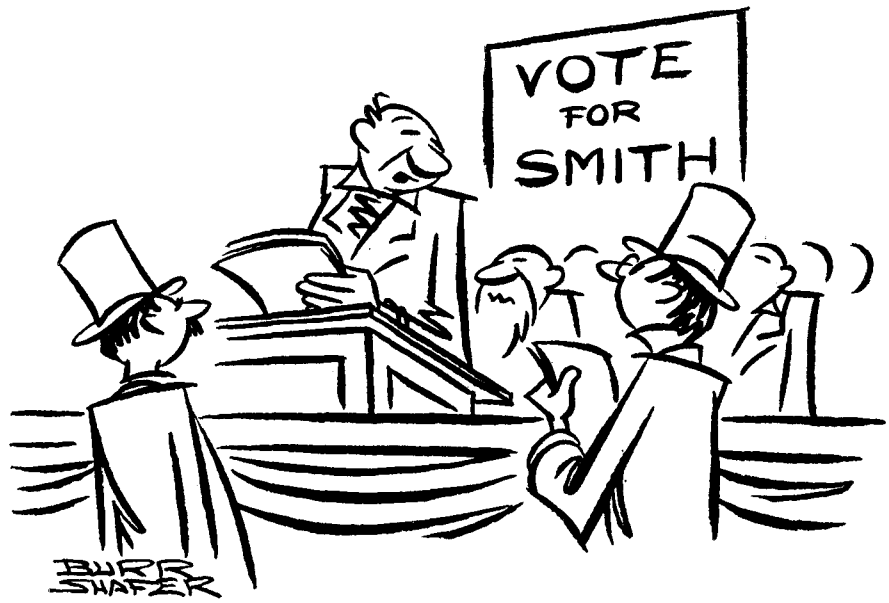
ROY A. GALLANT.
Managing Editor, Scholastic Teacher.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Among dozens of gentle and ungentle rebukes came the telegraphed reminder from Mr. White that "the penalty traditionally reserved for abuse of sages is torture of 10,000 cuts." SR hastens to set Lao-Tse on his feet again, and to list here the names of other sharp-eyed readers: F. A. Almasawa, Aida Au, S. F. Baptista, G. D. Barbe, Jerome Beatty, Jr., R. E. Buchanan, F. H. Canaday, C. F. Chen, J. B. Christensen, K. H. Cornell, the Rev. J. F. Davidson, Dick Deverall, Judge Bill Dozier, Robert Epp, Frieda Fligelman, R. J. Fowle, B. K. Fox, J. B. Gidney, Irving Groupp, Major General C. G. Helmick, A. H. Holt, Francis S. Hutchins, Jeremy Ingalls, Dr. C. Y. Kao, Thomas Kinaga, Roy E. Knudsen, C. Y. Kowk, J. H. Kramer, Jason Lindsey, Mrs. Selma Locker, Lachlan MacDonald, J. R. Marsh, Wayne Martin, Jacob Miller, Norman Miller, Nori Okamura, Thomas M. Pitkin, J. H. Pitman, R. W. Powell, Helene Rathke, Mrs. W. P. Reid, V. T. Reno, R. E. Reuman, A. M. Romig, Dr. C. A. Siler, J. L. Silvius, R. W. Slade, Mrs. Marvin Sledge, R. N. Smart, G. T. Smisor, J. L. Speicher, Karl V. Teeter, Lin Tsai, A. L. Warnshuis, E. H. Welch, Mrs. Nordmark Williams, M. N. Wortzel, P. G. Yessler, Tsing Yuan.*



The page from Lao-Tse, right side up.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Just look in your files—I'm giving the same speech I gave four years ago."

AN IMPORTANT STEP?

THE SUBJECT OF CHINA'S GREAT LITERATURE, now enjoying more liberal government patronage than ever before, cannot be covered in a few words. Intelligent Western educators who have been advocating alphabetization for more than a century found the proposal consistently blocked by political forces afraid to lose their powers. Alphabetized Chinese has been taught at Yale University for the last fifteen years, and over 1,000 officers and men of the U.S. armed forces have been graduated after a few months with relative competence in the language. That Mr. White has spent twenty years "dabbling at Chinese" merely demonstrates that he has been going at it the wrong way. The official alphabet that seems to have been adopted by the Chinese Government is almost identical with the Yale system, and may be expected to work equally well. In any case, alphabetization is indispensable to the furthering of democratic processes in China. We may well be critical of the present government, but the plain fact is that any government which will push alphabetization in China will thereby be taking one of the most important steps towards making China strong.

GEORGE A. KENNEDY.
New Haven, Conn.

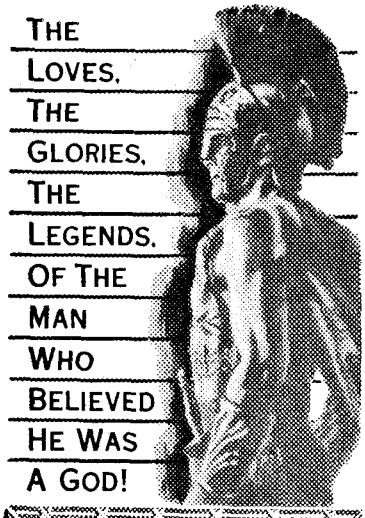
A FRIEND OF KING RICHARD

IT IS TO *SR*'s CREDIT that you wind up your remarks about Richard III [*SR* Mar. 10] with a synopsis of the case for the defense. But in that very synopsis you fall into a flagrant error when you speak of Dr. Wright as having examined the bones of the two young princes Richard is supposed to have had murdered. Dr. Wright did indeed examine some bones, and those bones were no doubt correctly appraised as to the ages of the two young people whose bones they once were. But there is no proof that they were the bones of the two young sons of Edward IV and none that I have ever heard of as to when their owners died—except that they must have died some time prior to their discovery in 1674. So we must not call these remains those of the two young princes; and therefore we cannot place the burden of proof upon the defense in this case.

PHILIP R. BAKER.
Pasadena, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Baker is certainly correct when he writes there is no "proof" that Dr. Wright's bones were the princes'. But kings—and/or criminals—are hardly ever good enough to provide future historians with "proof" in a legal sense; history is written on suppositions and probabilities. It is* unlikely *that other pairs of youths—the same relative ages as Edward V and his brother—have been interred in the Tower of London's walls; the two brothers did disappear and rumor had them killed there; and it has been assumed for 300 years that these bones were theirs. Dr. Wright's medical analyses rest on the same sort of assumptions. If all this is still not "proof," it comes as close to it as the evidence for most other historical "facts."*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ROBERT ROSSEN PRESENTS
RICHARD BURTON • FREDRIC MARCH
CLAIRE BLOOM IN
ALEXANDER THE GREAT
IN CINEMASCOPE AND TECHNICOLOR
WITH THE FRENCH STAR WRITTEN, PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY
DANIELLE DARRIEUX • ROBERT ROSSEN
RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

CAPITOL
B'way at 51st ST.

WRITING
TV • Plays • Short Stories • Novel • Movie
Under the personal direction of
LAJOS EGRI
author of "The Art of Dramatic Writing" (Simon & Schuster, 6th printing. "This book will live through the ages."—Gabriel Pascal.)
Spring Term for classroom instruction starts April 23rd
Also **Correspondence Course**
Collaboration & Criticism Services
Call or write today for information
EGRI SCHOOL
Established 1930
Licensed N.Y. State
2 Columbus Circle
New York 19, N.Y.
Circle 6-6121

BOOK MANUSCRIPTS WANTED
A publisher with standards invites your attention. No condescending, misleading promises, no high-pressure sales devices—such as you may already have experienced. Just honest, careful subsidy publishing, by book people—which is rare enough!
Write or mail your manuscript directly:
THE AMERICAN PRESS
Mr. Saunders, 489 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 17

AUTHORS: TALENT GOING TO WASTE?
If you are the talented author of an unpublished manuscript, let us help you gain the recognition you deserve. We will publish your book—we will edit, design, print, promote, advertise and *sell* it! Low subsidies, good royalties.
WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET, DEPT. AT 456
COMET PRESS BOOKS, 11 W. 42 ST., N. Y. 36, N. Y.

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

O'Casey Unbound

WHEN a rich and colorful writer like Sean O'Casey rambles along an easy, informal path the product is often finer than when he is hampered by a theme or plot. And so it is with **"I Knock at the Door,"** the first of five volumes of autobiographical reminiscences published by Macmillan. At least so it appeared from the Sunday afternoon concert-reading of parts of the book at New York's 92nd Street YMHA. The script tells the story of the first twelve years of Johnny Casside (a synonym for the author). Beginning with the God-defying gesture of being named John (two brothers of the same name had died as infants), the tale leads through a childhood plagued by poverty, diseased eyes, and miserable school experiences. It ends with a bright afternoon when Johnny realizes that self-education has a great many advantages over a more formal curriculum and asserts his aliveness by kissing a girl. As O'Casey sums it up, "Well, he'd learned poetry and had kissed a girl. If he hadn't gone to school, he'd met the scholars; if he hadn't gone into the house, he had knocked at the door." The seventy-six-year-old playwright is still today struggling with health problems and at latest report was in serious condition following two recent operations.

The dramatic highspots of this reading tend, however, not to focus around Johnny so much as around his mother. The death of her baby in the waiting room of a Dublin hospital, the anxiety about the curse on "John" when her new son's eyes infect, her effort to please both doctor and minister when they give contradictory instructions about sending Johnny to school, and her final quiet defiance of the minister when a sadistic schoolmaster has nearly killed her frail child, these are what impress one in this reading. Aline MacMahon is magnificent as the quiet, undemonstrative mother and almost altogether avoids the mistake of giving in to sentimentalism.

Of the other characters the minister and the doctor are the most important. As O'Casey paints them they are the poles of opposing authority, superstition and enlightenment. The small cast of six, including Staats Cotsworth, Robert Geiringer, George Brenlin, Rae Allen, and Paul Shyre (who made the adaptation), read with amazing effectiveness. And thanks to Stuart Vaughan's thorough direction the afternoon has crisp definition.

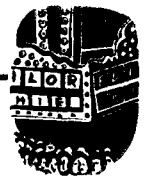
The faults? Portions of the script that do not seem so directly important to Johnny, such as a sister's marriage to a soldier, sometimes slow the action. O'Casey's own understandably bitter memories of his minister and his schoolmaster push these two portraits to the verge of stock villainy. And the necessity of having a few actors read many parts makes for a bit of confusion. But while "I Knock at the Door" may not be quite another "Under Milk Wood," it is, like that Dylan Thomas reading and Francis Fergusson's "The King and the Duke," one of those rare pieces of work that seem to plug into Life itself.

FOR ALL our enthusiasm for this kind of theatre, it is difficult to find an audience of 100,000 visiting buyers and Park Avenue sophisticates (the minimum for breaking even on a Broadway production) who will support it. If this is true for the earthy O'Casey it is even truer for a playwright like Henri de Montherlant, whose **"Queen After Death"** was given one performance at the Phoenix Theatre. Yet here is an artist with a kind of wit and penetration of intellectual issues, in this case the struggle between duty to God and terrestrial responsibilities, who is very provocative indeed. Such lines as "The day he discovered hypocrisy he grew ten years younger" or "Kings put lions on their coats-of-arms, and one day they find lions in their hearts" bring both toughminded thinking and poetry to a historical story. E. G. Marshall, Barbara Lester, Louis Edmonds, and Anne Meara perform the play with the respect it deserves. And producer Richard Astor and director Alan Cooke see to it that the costumes are as rich as the language.

However, American actors are not really geared for this type of play, and there is not much point in their becoming so unless they can oftener use French acting techniques than the present Broadway schedules allow. What is needed is a large one-dollar-top theatre for plays like "I Knock at the Door" and one small theatre which will concentrate on French plays faithfully performed.

—HENRY HEWES.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Crazy, Mixed-up Id

WHILE the brave new world of science-fiction varies radically from one description to the next, there does seem to be at least one area of general agreement among those prophets who gaze so profitably into their electronic crystal balls. There are monsters abroad in it. The nature of the monsters—animal, vegetable, or mineral—apparently shifts with the specialty of each fictioneer, but without them the science-fiction future is as incomplete as a haunted house without its ghost. It is evident that the authors of **"Forbidden Planet"** (M-G-M) have had more than a nodding acquaintance with the collected works of Sigmund Freud, since the beastie they have dreamed up for that otherwise ideal vacation land known as Altair-4 is nothing less than "the monster of the Id." And powered by the stored-up electrical energy of an entire solar system even the Id of so mild a man as Walter Pidgeon can produce a mighty formidable little monster.

The time is the twenty-second century. A search party clad in futuristic versions of the powder-blue uniforms of American airmen has been dispatched to Altair-4 to find out what happened to Pidgeon and a score of other scientists from a previous expedition. They find him living quite happily with his daughter, Anne Francis, in a house clearly patterned after the lobby of the Beverly Hilton. His fellow scientists have died mysteriously. Pidgeon takes the newcomers on a tour of the premises, once occupied by a race millions of years ahead of us earthmen intellectually. Chattering away in a language bound to delight the kiddies and Norbert Wiener, he explains the subtleties of this civilization that civilized itself into oblivion. Then the invisible monster of Altair starts tearing apart members of the interplanetary crew. Not until the doctor of the party gets a "brain-boost" from an Altair gadget, however, is the frightful riddle solved —"the monster of the Id."

M-G-M has outfitted this CinemaScope expedition into the future in superior style. The flying saucer that carries the company to Altair, satisfactorily gadgeted-up inside, has a pink-and-white exterior that creates quite a lovely effect as it goes whirling through blue-green outer space. The planet itself, with its two moons and handsomely painted vistas, seems like an inviting desert retreat. There are impressive model-shots of the self-operating engine rooms of Altair-4; and also Robby, a robot that looks something like an animated jukebox, an enormously handy device that can halt a housebreaker or manufacture sixty gallons of bourbon at a whispered word. Best of all, M-G-M has dispensed with a musical score and accompanies the doings with the ectoplasmic moans and clicks of "electronic tonalities" by Louis and Bebe Barron. They provide an appropriately out-of-this-world atmosphere to the entire adventure—which is more than can be said for Cyril Hume's earthbound dialogue and the performances of most of the American airmen.

* * *

For another kind of monster there is Everett Sloane's version of a modern big-business executive, as efficient and heartless as Robby, in Rod Serling's film adaptation of his TV play **"Patterns"** (United Artists). Sloane runs the giant Ramsey Corporation without regard for the human element; his job is to show a profit, whether this means mass unemployment through shutting down the plant in a one-factory town or breaking the spirit of an aging vice president whose first concern is for the company's employes. Because, we are told, it is against the code to fire anyone in the upper echelons of big business Sloane brings in Van Heflin as a lever to force the older man into resigning. The situation becomes complicated when Heflin finds that he sincerely likes old Briggs (superbly played by Ed Begley), but at the same time very much wants his job.

All of this has been set down by director Fielder Cook with a rare feeling for verisimilitude that extends far beyond its well-photographed Wall Street exteriors, offices, and lobbies. The intrigues, the loyalties, the shifting balances of office politics have also been captured with complete credibility, the human factors developed with a keen awareness of their dramatic value. Which is perhaps why the climax of the film fails to ring true. The portrait of Sloane is suddenly switched from an icy-hearted executive who can hound a good man to his death into an economic idealist who feels he must act in this manner for the good of his corporation. The language is eloquent, but the sentiments

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center

MARIO LANZA
in
SERENADE
Co-Starring
JOAN FONTAINE
SARITA MONTIEL
VINCENT PRICE
Color by WarnerColor
Produced by HENRY BLANKE
Directed by ANTHONY MANN
A Warner Bros. Picture

THE MUSIC HALL'S GREAT EASTER STAGE SHOW
"Glory of Easter"
Far-famed Cathedral Spectacle produced by Leonidoff . . . and
"WELCOME SPRINGTIME!"
Produced by Russell Markert, with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Choral Ensemble . . . Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Raymond Paige.

NEW YORK ART THEATRES

THE J. ARTHUR RANK ORGANIZATION PRESENTS
DOCTOR AT SEA
color by TECHNICOLOR
starring DIRK BOGARDE
In VistaVision • A REPUBLIC RELEASE
TRANS-LUX 52nd on LEXINGTON PL. 3-2434

"A MUST for opera-lovers"—Opera News
House of Ricordi
• The Golden Age of Italian Opera
color by Technicolor
sung by RENATA TEBALDI • MARIO del MONACO • TITO GOBBI • ITALO TAJO
PLAZA 58th St. Nr. Madison

WALT DISNEY'S
FANTASIA
with STOKOWSKI TECHNICOLOR
TRANS-LUX Normandie 57th St. West of 6th Ave. JU 6-4448
For your greater enjoyment see "Fantasia" from the beginning!

BUY U. S. SAVINGS BONDS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more appropriate to an age of complete automation. For all that, "Patterns"—like "Marty" and "Ransom!"—emphasizes again what stimulating, provocative, off-beat material the small screen is turning over to the movie-makers these days.

* * *

Morris Engel and Ruth Orkin, the young couple who wrote, produced, directed, photographed, and edited the admirable "Little Fugitive" a year or so ago, have undertaken these same chores on a quiet, pleasant, although somewhat less charming little picture distressingly titled **"Lovers and Lollipops"** (Trans-Lux). Deficiencies in the charm department, I'm afraid, must be traced back to little Cathy Dunn's performance as the seven-year-old daughter of a young widow who almost wrecks her mother's romance with an engineer from South America. Less responsive, less spontaneous than Richie Andrusco in the earlier film, she forces the older people in the story, Lori March and Gerald O'Loughlin, to carry the major load. Miss March is especially attractive as the harassed mother, but the real star of the film turns out to be New York. Photographed from every angle, embracing all its favorite sights (and sites), the city provides a constantly shifting, ever-fascinating background for the slender narrative. Mr. Engel and Miss Orkin, despite inadequacies of plot and dialogue, have once more sensitively conveyed the sensation of real people doing real things in real places—and for the movies that's a job.

—Arthur Knight.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 667

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 667 will be found in the next issue.

GTIFFGAIVDPB ODQNGIHQ

VEG KAGHZNPZQ IBH

PLLGBHQ VEG

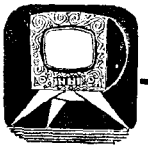
XGAKGXVDYG.

—GNDRI KPPC.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 666

Volumes might be written upon the impiety of the pious.

—Herbert Spencer.



TV AND RADIO

Envying the Dead

A FEW moments after the tedious ceremonies of the Academy Awards left the air Steve Allen, whose program had been delayed by them, announced that he would give some awards, too. They were amusing in concept and brightly executed. Among them was an award for art given to the man who had conceived the most brilliant design of the year: on the channels of NBC, coast-to-coast, there appeared the familiar big-eye insignia of CBS.

Among the talents and temperamental complexities of Steve Allen the will to be impertinent and the capacity to put his impertinence over without losing his job have always ranked high. Yet I like to think that this special bit of sauciness was by way of tribute to the other Allen, Fred, to whom on a previous night Steve had paid his more formal respects. For Fred Allen had mercilessly kidded the network officials who refused to acknowledge the existence of competitors (rather like low-grade newspapers which keep from their readers the awful truth that other papers exist).

Throughout the obsequies that followed Fred Allen's death, all appreciative of his talents, there ran one theme: he was an independent man and he fought for his independence. Reference to this attribute was not grudging; it was almost as if those who remained alive, his fellow-professionals, envied the man who was dead. It was not that they particularly wanted to do what he had done, few of them having anything to say that could jeopardize their jobs or popular appeal, most of them knowing that we probably wouldn't give them house-room if they tried. But all of them seemed to feel that even within their routines they were not free men.

In the disconsolate mood which became almost his permanent temper Allen himself used to say that no network nowadays would give freedom of the air to such a caustic critic of politics and national foibles as Will Rogers was in the Twenties. Like the professionals who mourned his death, Allen implied that this was a special weakness of broadcasting, as if a vice-president-in-charge-of-conformity turned a petrifying eye on all eccentrics.

Actually, difference at least is forced upon the broadcasting business by the sheer pressure of competition. A Steve Allen does emerge and moves from local to network operations, giving a nightly demonstration of the salability on the air of a tidy intelligence. His approach, his attitude toward his material, his almost *sotto voce* cracks—not the bulk of his program—are distinctive. You have the feeling that Allen has more to say than he is saying, that he bites his tongue to keep his wit from being too mordant. But he survives—and all that survives of Henry Morgan is only a panel member in a parlor game.

IN THE Penguin "History of the United States" the authors supply to us an outside view of our situation. They say that "the most evident trend of American life since World War II has been the widespread emphasis on reliability, predictability, and conformity." One of the factors in this, I should say, is the formula of "same time, same station" with its overtone of "same program, same jokes." That is why we greet with such joy the appearance of a new talent even if it is quickly subdued to the routine of weekly appearances. And when it stays fresh, as Fred Allen did for many years, we take new hope.

That is why it is worth thinking about George Gobel and his program, which has, to be sure, a routine, but which keeps its details fresh and surprising. Sometimes the physical presentation of the show, the introduction by Gobel and the appearance of participants, is a little precious, but they try something new every few weeks. The program is usually in two parts: Gobel's monologue and a farcical scene, a parody (like the ones Sid Caesar now overelaborates) or a bit of lunacy which is totally unpredictable. I remember one of these in which Gobel and his guest took their places at a bus stop and by a series of irrelevant backchat and antics culminating in the two men dancing on the sidewalk drove all the other people to panic and flight. It was funny in detail, but its singular merit was that no one else does anything of the kind.

This singularity is the important thing to preserve, even if it is attached to nothing of importance. On a recent program Gobel signed off with a reminder: "Give a man in uniform a ride home tonight, and if you can't find a serviceman pick up a civilian and get him to join the Army." It had his characteristic quirkiness, an oblique approach. It was like him—and like no one else.

—Gilbert Seldes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC TO MY EARS

"Parsifal" a la Kerz, Gieseking, Villa-Lobos No. 11

LIKE many of Rudolf Bing's ideas, the notion of redoing the Metropolitan's "Parsifal" (in use since Joseph Urban designed it in 1921) à la Bayreuth had more than a measure of merit. A principal demerit, however, is that instead of inviting Wieland Wagner to cut his cloth to the Metropolitan pattern the tailoring has been assigned to one who appears to have only a vague idea of what the original was like. I have no preconceptions about Leo Kerz, but what he provided suggested a continuation of the famous cartoon series: "Impressions of Bayreuth by One Who Has Never Been There."

Some elemental aspects of the "new Bayreuth" technique are employed—a circular ramp for entrances and exits, projected backgrounds, occasional shafts of light from above, a minimum of action on stage. But where is Wieland Wagner's economical sense of design, his sure kind of theatrical effect, his imaginative use of darkness no less than light? We have, instead, a steady confusion between the abstract and the tangible, a mingling of timidity and boldness which add in the end to pastiche.

Klingsor's castle, for example, is a fine specimen of medieval architecture as projected on the Metropolitan's cyclorama. But I studied the background for the opening scene for well over an hour (Wagner must have known his scenic descendants were going to ply the audience with riddles, to judge from the time he allowed for solving them) without reaching a conclusion as to whether it looked more like a) the supports of desert water-tank with enlarged cacti around it or b) an abandoned oil-derrick. The succeeding temple interior is more plain to its purpose, but inferior (in its spikey style) to the now discarded Urban arrangement (in its style). Act III has a rather bleak aspect at the beginning, but the suggested transformation to spring has a warm parallel in the tints that creep into the projected mountain background during the "Good Friday" music. Considering the resources of the new magic-lantern technique, something more closely suggestive of Wagner's transformation effect might have been contrived in Acts I and III. Instead, a forecurtain was drawn and various suggestive blotches disposed upon it.

What is perhaps most useful in this use of projections (following the previous Kerz effects for "Magic Flute") is the clear-cut demonstration that they have a place in the Metropolitan scenic scheme. This is a matter of some importance, since the elements involved are vastly cheaper than conventional painted drops, and the nasty problems related to moving, storage, warehousing, etc., are circumvented. Also, no deterioration. The urgent need is for a better groundplan, however, and greater uniformity of style on that groundplan. The Flower Maidens are decidedly improved in detail and sum on what they have been before, thanks to Herbert Graf's suitable arrangements.

Musically this "Parsifal" was akin to most of the recent past, with Fritz Stiedry waving a sympathetic but leisurely baton over a variable cast. Paul Schoeffler was a superb Amfortas, Otto Edelmann a fine-sounding Gurnemanz, Set Svanholm an experienced Parsifal (he had more voice at his command than has recently been the case), and Margaret Harshaw a Kundry who always promised more than she delivered. Edelmann's vocal character is another sort than the weighty one associated with the bygone Alexander Kipnis and Ludwig Weber or the present Jerome Hines, but it is a pleasure to have this sound in the ear when the garrulities of Gurnemanz roll on and on. Miss Harshaw has obviously given exhaustive thought to the problems posed by Kundry, but the womanly magic to make Act II convincing isn't present in her clear but hard sound.

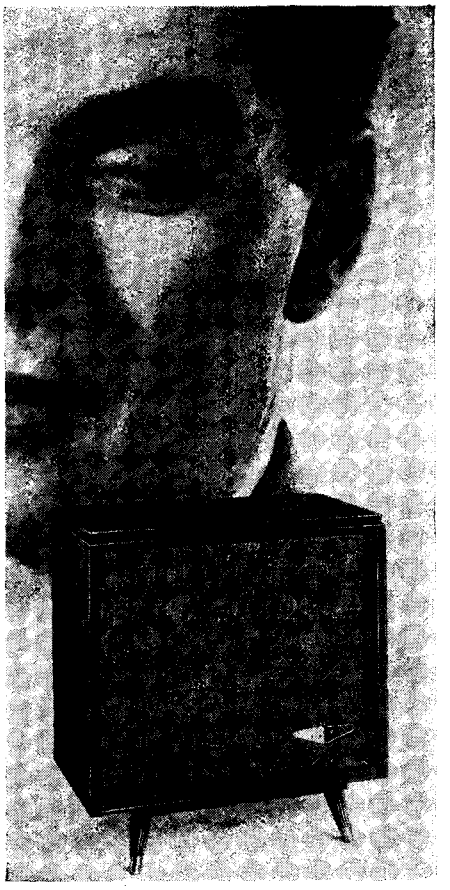
In addition to the excellent top effects of Schoeffler and Edelmann there are staunch supporting ones by Nicola Moscona (Titurel), Sandra Warfield (a voice), Paul Franke, Clifford Harvuot, Rosalind Elias, etc. Unfortunately, the heat to bind them all together is not provided by conductor Stiedry. And with the scenic inequalities as they are the result is more prosaic than "Parsifal."

Those who value the kind of pianistic attainment represented by Walter Gieseking will be glad to hear that he belatedly resumed his American activities playing the Beethoven "Emperor" with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony orchestra directed by Guido Cantelli despite a shattering accident early in the winter. While he was being driven to a fogbound

AT LAST THE MISSING DIMENSION TO HIGH FIDELITY

"Living Sound"

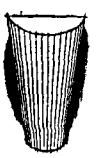
by PHILCO



New "Music Chamber" Cabinet Releases the Full Flood Tide of "Live" Sound

A new triumph in acoustic engineering! The entire cabinet becomes a resonance-free tone chamber to bring you the miracle of "Living Sound". For the first time hear the full orchestral range without distortion. *You must hear it!*

THE MIRACLE OF 16 SPEAKERS IN ONE!



PHILCO ELECTROSTATIC SPEAKER

A column of 16 speakers in one radial arc of 180 degrees. Combined with a matched Philco dynamic speaker for perfect blending of "highs" and "lows".

PHILCO... A Musical Instrument of Quality

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

airport (Stuttgart) the bus in which the pianist was riding smashed up, and his wife died as a result. Offstage, we are told, he still walks with a cane, but he took his place at the piano with no suggestion of distress and turned off a performance of Beethoven in his own inimitable style.

Thinking back to last week's playing of the fourth concerto by Backhaus, one could not help thinking that an exchange of repertory would have benefited all (Beethoven included). However, Gieseking is such a wizard in his keyboard command that he almost made one believe that the "Emperor" is more light than shade, more filigree than substance, more decoration than meaning because his resources tend so strongly in those directions. But this would be akin to rating Notre Dame in terms of gargoyles and flying buttresses rather than basic design.

However, the "Emperor" is a work that can be made memorable by a memorable playing of the slow movement, and this Gieseking accomplished. Rarely does one hear so successful a contradiction of the known fact that the piano has no legato, cannot really sing. By artful use of pedaling and finger strength a link from one note to the next was successfully forged. Cantelli's background was on the smallish side (five basses), and he again used reduced orchestra in which the first-desk strings were excused, the other desks moved forward. The able personnel discharged its work efficiently.

The conductor also had a successful evening with Britten's "Sinfonia da Requiem," a work of 1941 which retains a substantial measure of symphonic flow, acute design, and effective relationship of length to content, and Strauss's "Don Juan." The latter had zest, momentum, and a good shining sound rather individually Cantelli's own. That is to say, it is not a basic "neutral" Philharmonic sound or one wholly inherited from Bruno Walter, but a freshly vibrant one of his own creation. To evoke it in so massive a work as "Don Juan" speaks well for the young conductor's conception.

Also of interest in the orchestral week was the introduction of Villa-Lobos's Symphony No. 11 by the Boston Symphony, for whose seventy-fifth anniversary year it was written. It is a work that suffers from almost obvious compression, but it has a good deal of original sound in it, especially in the disposition of strings and woodwinds, at top and bottom, with brass in the middle. Certainly it has a sure sense of orchestral discipline and procedure admirably realized by the direction of Charles Munch. —Irving Kolodin.

Fiction

Continued from page 13

of the novel. And in this he has succeeded. For "Shadow of the Monsoon" is one of those "big, sprawling novels," which is to say, it is too long and it is badly organized, taking innumerable characters through almost four hundred pages to arrive at a disappointingly prosaic destination. If there is a hero it is Spike Wiley, "an American biologist plagued by nightmare memories of the war," says the jacket. If there is a villain it is Peter Becker, "an employe of an oil company hoping to establish selling depots in Chaknagar." And if there is a heroine it is Kate Becker, his tumescent young wife, who offers immoral support to both her husband and Wiley, and whose other virtues are that she drinks too much, wears no brassière, and gets raped repeatedly.

The most charitable thing one can say of the book is that it is a rather frankly and thoroughly commercial undertaking, a cynical combination of sex and excitement and everything else left in the literary hydrator. But even here it fails, for there is none of that slickness that can blend such leftovers into an acceptable stew and none of the assurance of the first-rate potboiler who knows what he is doing and does it well. Rather, there is the impression of embarrassing opportunism in which the excitement is unexciting, the sex is asexual, and the love is utterly and depressingly loveless. —John Frederick Muehl.

RAF FIGHTERS: Elleston Trevor, whose fine novel of Dunkirk, "The Big Pick-Up," appeared in this country only a few months ago, has given us another restrained and superbly realistic picture of British heroism. This time he tells, in **"Squadron Airborne"** (Macmillan, $3.50), of two brutal weeks in an RAF fighter squadron during Goering's attempt to soften England up for the post-Dunkirk invasion. These were the days of the Battle of Britain, a time when the RAF figured that it was just breaking even if it brought down four German planes for every one it lost itself. Fighter squadrons in the thick of this battle were then receiving pilot officer replacements who were as young as Mr. Trevor's nineteen-year-old Peter Stuyckes, who changes in two weeks from nervous tyro to tough veteran of seven kills and two crashes.

Stuyckes is not Mr. Trevor's hero, though. Neither is Squadron Leader Mason, an old man of thirty-two and a master tactician in dogfighting and in chivvying the battered psyches of his pilots. Rather, the whole squadron is here: ground crews, WAAF, and medical officer, as well as pilots. The novel suffers a little from the author's intentional lack of focus on the development of a single individual, for while there is plenty of action, there is little movement. Instead we have a series of vivid, cinematic flashes, a documentary if you will, full of RAF slang, the reek of aviation gasoline, and the sense of imminent death that haunted Winston Churchill's "so few." —Thomas E. Cooney.

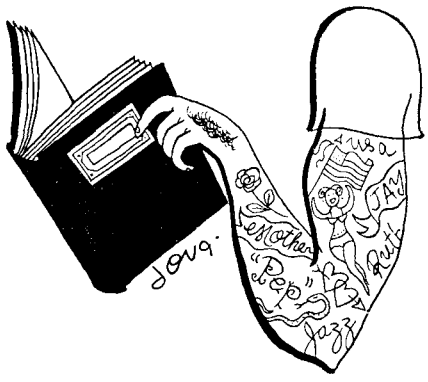
ROMANCE A LA MODE: Naomi Lane Babson's fifth novel, **"Another Sky"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50), is what her *Ladies' Home Journal* readers have come to expect: a pleasant story, well-constructed out of favorite ingredients, like the Cinderella formula. Miss Babson writes persuasively. Her pages are dotted with proverbs and sayings used as flavoring: "The old step hard where the young would sooner choose to tread softly" or "Most things don't matter much, but a drink of water stays a drink of water right to the end." If, when analyzed, the flavor of these sayings dwindles into vanilla, there are other times when the story takes on added dimension and the reader is almost reminded of Mary Webb's distinguished work, particularly "Precious Bane." Miss Webb's Prue Sarn was afflicted with a harelip and a beautiful witchlike contemporary who attracted her lover by showing herself naked to him. Miss Babson's Quincy is afflicted with a beautiful stone-cold cousin, Annis, who also shows herself naked to the man Quincy loves. But the difference between "Precious Bane" and "Another Sky" is that the former is rooted in the probabilities and the verities and the good sound earth of the English countryside while "Another Sky" is indeed just that—the atmosphere above a never-never land. Miss Babson gives us too many of the assorted fancy ingredients: high-hearted heroines, rich in their own right, sailing the higher seas, accompanied by no chaperones, at the mercy of lusty sea-captains with ten-

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1149)

Elizabeth (Custer) Nearing: *THE LANCASTERS*

"Your predecessor was amazingly popular, but I didn't like him. He made me feel certain God must have been a Philadelphian. That wasn't very fair to outsiders. The God he talked about was someone I wouldn't want to be too frank with when I prayed."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



der hearts. Savages, the South Sea Islands, Puritan old women, a kidnapping, and—oh, of course, in the very end, and who so surprised as our heroine?—the wedding bells. Yes, it's all there, guaranteed to satisfy the not-too-demanding palate of a lady, say, dining alone night after night at Schrafft's, from choice.

—EVELYN EATON.

END OF PROMISE: A glance at the section-headings of Nigel Balchin's **"The Fall of a Sparrow"** (Rinehart, $3.75) suggests a rounded story of fulfilment and success. They go like this: "Son of a Distinguished Soldier . . . First-Class Education . . . Honor of His Majesty's Commission . . . Good Friends." But these epithets taken from the charge of the Court upon Jason Pellew, who is guilty of a sordid crime, prove to be ironical when Jason's life is reviewed and pondered. The son of a pompous and tyrannical father, Jason was a submissive boy, anxious to please, readily turning to falsehood and fantasy. In boarding school he silently suffered the cruelty of his schoolmates and at Cambridge he was drawn into a group of homosexuals. Yet he had a sort of childish wisdom and goodness and he also had nerve and principle. After a strenuous military experience in Spain and France he volunteered for a hazardous undercover mission in Italy, and on his return to England, learning of the death of the Jewish girl whom he might have loved, he begins the ruinous road which ends in the criminal court where a judge reminds him of the superior circumstances of his life.

In this novel Mr. Balchin is asking Why. Why does a Leah Garland live and die with fortitude while a Jason Pellew becomes the victim of his own flight and deceit? To this question he can give only fragmentary answers, but he goes further. Where understanding ends, says Mr. Balchin, compassion may begin, and on the frontispage of his novel appears an iron maxim from medieval German law, which in turn is followed by the Christian statement that not a sparrow shall fall unheeded to the ground.

—WALTER HAVIGHURST.

WEST MEETS EAST: The tradition of Somerset Maugham goes on in Southeast Asia, and there seems to be no end in sight. Howard Otway, the author of **"The Paradise Bird"** (Harper, $3.50), is only the latest, and perhaps the happiest, of that happy breed. He knows the jungle pathways and he is excellent when describing a roughhouse in a tenth-rate bar. But, like Somerset Maugham, he will describe a community where everyone wants to die and where no one has any redeeming feature except perhaps the urgency of his death-wish. The Murry Hayden of Mr. Otway's novel wants to die very badly indeed. He is the leader of a vest-pocket expedition in search of the King of Saxony paradise bird and, at sixty, he has long ago come to terms with his own ebbing vitality. Then there is Smitty, the patrol officer lent by the Commissioner of Jungle Patrols, who inexplicably casts a cold eye on the mouselike and inoffensive Beryl Hayden and warms to her and loses her to a young sergeant named Tai who is a headhunter in all the trappings of a police uniform. So Beryl is carried off to become the concubine of the stone-age hunter and Smitty is torn to pieces by a vulture. And the jungle comes crowding in. Mercifully, Mr. Otway redeems himself at times, for there is Cocoa, a beautiful Samoan with a screaming laugh, who is in the pure tradition of lovable whores and who comes to life. "A man's got to do what he got to do," Cocoa says. "That's what a man is for." It is not fair, of course, since these lines come from musical comedy and since T. S. Eliot has already used them in "Sweeney Agonistes"; but we can be grateful for the occasional glimpses of Cocoa.

—ROBERT PAYNE.

ALSO NOTED: "The Same Scourge," by John Goldthorpe (Putnam, $3.75), covers the period of Roman occupation of ancient Palestine. The events leading up to the Crucifixion are viewed mainly through the eyes of soldiers puzzled by strange customs, religious factionalism, and politicking. Unhappily, Mr. Goldthorpe cannot write and draw characters as well as he can accumulate meticulous period detail.

"The Prisoners," by Evans Harrington (Harper, $3), records the brutality that befalls Johnny Graves during a long stretch on a Southern convict-labor plantation. When the efforts of Warden Walker to obtain a deserved parole for him fail Johnny makes a desperate escape, only to

Once upon a time...

The love story of Daphnis and Chloe . . . the perilous quest of the Golden Fleece . . . the founding of Rome by Romulus and Remus . . . the classic adventures of Aeneas . . . The host of classic myths and legends of the ancient gods and men—at work and in love and at play—are among the most vivid and spellbinding tales of any age.

Reading them in translation is a joy. But, if you have *some* knowledge of the classic languages, there is a matchless pleasure in reading them in the language of the people who wrote them—and believed in them. In the famous LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY editions you find the classics in their original Greek or Latin—and, on facing pages, a line-by-line English translation.

Here, at last, is your chance to savor the familiar myths, and to discover ones new to you, in all their original glory—no longer at the mercy of translators, yet never slowed down by gaps in your knowledge of the language.

A few of the LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY *editions of ancient myths and legends:*

LATIN

APULEIUS: *The Golden Ass,* funniest and raciest of novels. (one volume)

VALERIUS FLACCUS: The story of the Argonauts and their quest for the Golden Fleece. (2 volumes)

VIRGIL: *The Aeneid* and other works. (2 volumes)

GREEK

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE (one volume)

APOLLODORUS: His plain, unvarnished summary of Greek myths and legends, and history of the Greeks. (2 volumes)

DIODORUS SICULUS: His history of Egypt and Assyria is full of mythological and anthropological information about these far lands. (3 volumes)

HESIOD AND THE HOMERIC HYMNS: Hesiod enlarges on mythology, folklore, and agriculture. Among *The Homeric Hymns* are important legends, some beautiful, some amusing. (one volume)

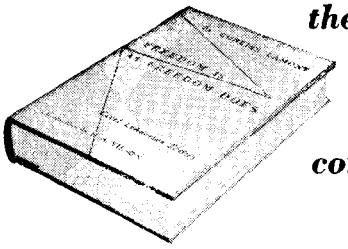
HOMER: *The Iliad* (2 volumes); *The Odyssey* (2 volumes)

LUCIAN: His witty commentary on ancient literature and mythology. (2 vols.)

These are only a few of the more than 400 books of history, poetry, travel, philosophy, literature, myth and epic in LOEB editions. The amazingly low price—$3.00 a volume. Let us send you any or all of those listed above, or write for a descriptive catalog.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS Dept. L-3
44 Francis Avenue, Cambridge 38, Mass.
Publishers of the *Loeb Classical Library* for 20 years

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



the thoughtful, courageous book by Corliss Lamont on one of the most controversial issues in our time

FREEDOM is as FREEDOM does

One of the foremost exponents of civil liberties gives fascinating accounts of his own free-speech battles . . . explains important laws now in effect . . . and provides thought-provoking commentary on conditions in government, industry, the arts, schools, libraries, etc. The expression of a civilized and independent mind, this major work points the way to a revitalization of freedom.

Prof. H. H. Wilson, Princeton Univ., says in the Introduction: "Corliss Lamont has achieved an honored position as one who dares to differ with majority opinion . . . His approach is fundamentally both conservative and constructive...A challenge to apathy and fatalism..."

Prof. Thomas I. Emerson, Yale Law School: "The first comprehensive account of the attacks upon civil liberties in the U. S. in the decade following the war . . . It deserves to be widely read . . ."

Prof. Alexander Meiklejohn, Former President, Amherst College: ". . . the book is exciting and significant."

$3.95 at all booksellers **HORIZON PRESS inc. NEW YORK 36**

ERICH FROMM

enlarges his brilliant reputation with

The Sane Society

"Like *Escape from Freedom*, a combination of psychoanalysis and socio-analysis . . . One is fascinated by the incisiveness of the analysis, the concreteness of the presentation, and the beauty of the style . . . This is the fruit of all the past endeavors of the author."
—Dr. Paul Tillich. *$5.00*

Also by Dr. Fromm: Escape from Freedom, 15th printing, $3.75
Man for Himself, 9th printing, $3.75

RINEHART & CO. N.Y. 16

An Ethical Culture interpretation of one of today's most widely discussed topics—

"THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS"

By Dr. Henry Neumann

Leader, N. Y. Society For Ethical Culture and Brooklyn Society For Ethical Culture

Send **25c** to Dept. S

NEW YORK SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE
2 West 64th St., New York 23

Your Book Published!

Our famous royalty plan launched 627 authors. We publish, advertise, distribute. Send manuscript for free report or write for Brochure S.
PAGEANT PRESS, 130 W. 42d St., N. Y. 36

WRITING FOR THE RELIGIOUS MARKET

ROLAND E. WOLSELEY, *Editor*

Marjorie Culkin Banning, Roland H. Bainton and 16 other successful writers tell how to start in TV, radio, films, stage, magazines, newspapers, books.
$4.00 at your bookstore or
ASSOCIATION PRESS
291 Broadway, N.Y.C. 7

find another bitter experience in his wife's declaration that she no longer loves him. The author dramatizes the frustrations of a man driven into blank corners by assorted injustices so relentlessly that readers will find themselves begging for mercy.

"Man of the World," by Stanley Kauffman (Rinehart, $3.50), is the story of a creative industrial designer with a conscience who is buffeted by a mercenary business world. After he has had his fill of double dealings, glib-talk, and job-security that leads to constant compromise, he finally strikes out on his own. Mr. Kauffman has a crisp, neat way of stripping people down to basic emotions, creating excitement with an efficient style that tolerates no literary frills.

"When I Was a Child," by Carl Artur Vilhelm Moberg (Knopf, $3.50), is an autobiographical novel by one of Sweden's leading men-of-letters. The nineteen years following his birth in 1897 were a succession of peasant hardships and family breakups, but through it all life seemed a "continuous discovery" whether it was catching squirrels or tending to his father's funeral. The pains and pangs of adolescence and maturing toward precocious responsibilities are capably communicated by an author who is known to American audiences through his trilogy "The Earth Is Ours."

"Roll Back the Sky," by Ward Taylor (Holt, $3.95), takes readers on a series of heavy-bomber combat missions in the Pacific that result in crippled crews and battered ships. Out of this wreckage the author deftly pieces together the life and loves of airman Richardson, torn between his wife at home and a nurse on Saipan. It is a compassionate narration of flight among spun-silver clouds and flak, of fear and philosophic speculation, of tangled love. Ward Taylor, presently a lieutenant-colonel in the U.S. Air Force, uses forthright prose to recreate deeply-felt wartime experiences.

"Kings Go Forth," by Joe Davidson Brown (Morrow, $3.50), is a story about two American artillery observers in action against the Germans during World War II. Italy and Southern France are the scenes in which Lieutenant Sam Loggins, recipient of a battlefield commission, nurses hatred for Sergeant Britt Harris after Harris has stolen Sam's girl with honeyed tactics and then drives the jilted girl to suicide. A hair-raising reconnaisance mission brings with it a rout of the enemy and a fiendish personal revenge for Harris. A realistic shocker punctuated by chilling melodramatics.

—S. P. MANSTEN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tourist in Russia—VI: Yalta

ABOUT the time that Soviet historians were meeting in Moscow to determine the new anti-Stalin story line I was basking in what was, by Moscow standards, the gentle weather of the Crimean peninsula. By gentle I mean it wasn't snowing, and indeed there were times in the height of the day that one could walk without overcoat and fur hat. I was assured that in two months, which was to say by March, the weather would be fine, and by May there would be swimming from the gravel beaches.

It seems odd as I look back upon it now that, while Yalta is a name which in America is fraught with historical incident, no tablet or marker serves to commemorate city or building as a place where Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin came together in that epic meeting of 1945. Livadiya, the palace built by the Tsar in 1911 which was used for the meeting and also as Roosevelt's quarters, was when I visited it in January long since back in business again as a sanatorium. It had become one by Lenin's decree of 1918 which turned every royal villa into a transient nursing home for Soviet workers.

Roosevelt's red-plush covered study, with its carved wood ceiling, was crowded with fourteen dining-room tables each holding four trade-unionists who had come down to the Crimea for a rest. Fifteen tables filled his bedroom to its apricot-colored walls. A tray of yellow, oval Crimean apples stood in the corner. The correspondents' room, which was really meant as a vestibule in the Tsar's time, was set with tables too, and a painting of Stalin, pipe in hand, looks (or looked) down from the wall.

In the Tsarina's bedroom upstairs I found six patients, three of them factory workers, one a store clerk from the Urals, one an agronomist from Voronezh, and the sixth a woman doctor from Kharkov. There was a view of Yalta and the sea, and pine cones that would go back to the Urals lay on a night-table. "Did you ever think you would be living in the Tsarina's bedroom?" I asked. One of the factory women spoke up quickly, "Our parents couldn't hope for that," she said, "but I am young enough to expect it."

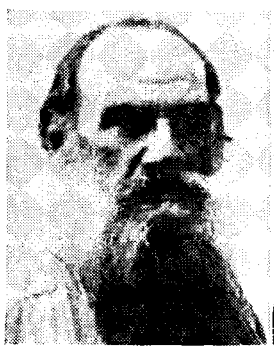
Four blue iron beds and their rusted springs were piled against a wall in the Italian courtyard below. In the center of the garden, where a covered pavilion sits now, Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin sat for their famous portrait. Both the British delegation and the Russian motored to Livadiya every day from their neighboring chateaux. The British were billeted in the palace of Count Vorontsov, a nobleman of Pushkin's day. Stalin stayed at the palace of Alexander III. I asked if we could have a look at both places, but I was informed that the road to Vorontsov's villa was under repair, and that not only was the road to Alexander's palace under repair but that it was "very far."

While the historic significance of the February 1945 conferences which made Yalta a household word in America is being permitted to ebb into mossy memory in Russia, there seems, on the other hand, no chance that the Russians will ever forget about Anton Chekhov, who first came to Yalta in October 1898. A year later his new house was ready, and with his mother and his sister, Maria Pavlovna, he moved in, secure in the gentler weather of the Crimea from the rigors of his tuberculosis.

Although Chekhov only lived in the house for five years—he died in 1904—the wood frame building has become a sort of national shrine. In the summer 1,000 people a day filter through the dining room, the study, and the bedroom, and wander through the small museum crowded with his effects. Against a wall in the dining room is the piano which accompanied Chaliapin, and was used by Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninoff when they came to visit. A lace cloth covers the table where Gorki and Tolstoy drank tea. With Chekhov too ill to journey to Moscow, the entire company of the Moscow Art Theatre came to Yalta in 1900 and presented "The Seagull" and "Uncle Vanya" (see *SR* BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT Feb. 18). In a case above the couch is a bouquet of palm leaves tied with a red ribbon with the inscription "To Anton Pavlovich Chekhov, profound interpreter of Russian reality, 23 April 1900." A playgoer from the audience presented it to him at the Yalta Municipal Theatre after the Moscow Art Theatre gave a performance of "The Seagull."

From the dining room one can walk out to the porch to look upon the 200 different species of trees planted by Chekhov. All of them are fifty-six years old. Opposite his bedroom is a cypress planted by his sister after his death, and known now as The Mourning Tree.

In his bedroom is the narrow iron bed on which he would sit when spells of illness would come upon him, and the table on which he leaned to write. A canvas suitcase hangs on the wall. His top hat bought at A. Delion, 24 Boulevard des Capuchins in Paris, reposes in its case. On hand is a Smith and Wesson pistol which he took when he crossed Siberia by carriage in 1890, and visited Sakhalin Island. On the wall are icons, but a pamphlet issued at the house is quick to point out that their presence "does not mean that such a progressive man and writer as A. P. Chekhov was religious. . . . On the contrary . . . his private letters . . . speak of his lack of religious convictions. . . ." He is quoted as having said, "I lost my faith a long time ago and I look with bewilderment upon any religious in-

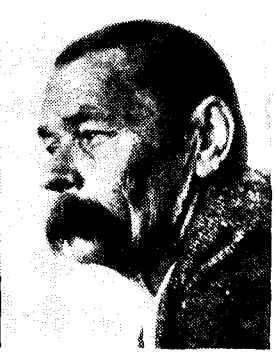


Leo Tolstoy.

—*Culver.*
Anton Chekhov.

Alexander Pushkin.

—*Culver.*
Feodor Chaliapin.



Maxim Gorki.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GREAT CIRCLE ROUTE
Lowest Air Fares to Europe!
NORWAY
Only $472.20 Roundtrip.
save $118.40
GERMANY
Only $509.10 Roundtrip.
save $81.40
LUXEMBOURG
Only $507.10 Roundtrip.
save $55.40
DENMARK & SWEDEN
Only $486.40 Roundtrip.
save $104.20
Douglas four-engine Skymasters . . . flown by crews of 6 U.S. trained Scandinavians, including 2 hostesses. Standard reclining seats. Only 52 passengers per flight. C.A.B. Certificated; scheduled flights from New York via ICELAND.
For full information and rates ask any Travel Agent or
ICELANDIC AIRLINES
LOFTLEIDIR
15 West 47th Street, New York 36. PL 7-8585
37 South Wabash Ave., Chicago 3. FI 6-2341
209 Post St., San Francisco 8, Calif. YU 2-1036

EUROPE

Seen with the aid of university teachers.

THE EUROPEAN SEMINAR

England, Scandinavia, Germany, Austria, Spain, France, Switzerland, Italy, Greece.

RUSSIA

23 days—Finland, Poland, Austria, Hungary.

A CRUISE OF THE GREEK ISLANDS

With Louis E. Lord, Denys Page, William B. Dinsmoor, Gertrude Smith, James S. Constantine—August 20-September 2: Crete, Thera, Rhodes, Cos, Patmos, Delos, Myconos, Tenos, Aegina—and a tour of Greece.

BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL 13 Boyd St., Newton, Massachusetts

Travel by Freighter to

THE MEDITERRANEAN or RED SEA PERSIAN GULF

Make your reservation now for the Mediterranean and Red Sea/Persian Gulf CRUISES or for PASSAGE to these areas. By freighter—you will have a delightful and relaxing time with the minimum of cost.

For additional information write to Dept. SR

HELLENIC LINES LIMITED
39 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N. Y.

OPEN ALL YEAR — Tel: IDlewood 8-6511

Stonehenge
RIDGEFIELD, CONN.
VICTOR GILBERT "SKINKER"

NOW OPEN — **THE HENGE**
CHRISTIANSTED, ST. CROIX, VIRGIN ISLANDS

YOU CAN PUBLISH YOUR BOOK

Almost 2000 authors—most of them new—have had their books published, promoted and distributed through our unique plan. No matter what type of book you've written—fiction, poetry, biography, religious—we can help you. Send for our free illustrated brochure, "We Can Publish Your Book".

EXPOSITION PRESS | Dept. SR-78
386 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK
IN CALIFORNIA: 9172 SUNSET BLVD., HOLLYWOOD 46

You can write the prescription for America's Health!

Support the

NATIONAL FUND for MEDICAL EDUCATION
BOX 313, NEW YORK, N. Y.

tellectual." The brochure explains that the icons were hung "because the writer had to observe the conventions of the patriarchal way of family life of his time."

In his study is the desk at which he wrote "Three Sisters" and "The Cherry Orchard" and the short stories, "The Lady and the Lapdog," "The Bishop," "During Yuletide," and others. His physician's tools, which he rarely used, are in the study, and so are guidebooks of Moscow, St. Petersburg, and all Russia which he used for reference in setting his scenes.

Besides the rooms which have been retained as a memorial, one chamber has been set aside as a museum of Chekhov's life. Here, arranged by periods of his life, are his graduation photo from the Medical School of Moscow University, class of 1884, his picture on the cover of a humor magazine published November 4, 1889, chiding Chekhov to decide which route to take, prose writer or dramatist. There are photos of him with Gorki, a handsome young man in 1900, wearing a white smock, photos of him with Tolstoi, white-hatted and white-bearded. Both lived in the southern Crimea too. There are pictures of him with his wife, Olga Leonardovna Knipper-Chekhova, who at eighty-five still acts occasionally at the Moscow Art Theatre. And, strangely enough, still living on the floor above is the official curator, Maria Pavlovna Chekhova, Anton's sister, now ninety-three. She lived here all through the German occupation, even through the period when the house was requisitioned by an enterprising German major who thought he would own it when the war was done. Maria Pavlovna is herself in abject second-story seclusion now, all but wrapped in cotton batting by the solicitous caretakers, appearing on such rare occasions as the recent call of U Nu.

ONE day I motored from Yalta, past the ancient Tartar village of Gurzuf pasted against the shoreline rocks, to the famous Artek Pioneer Camp. We were met at the gate by the director, a woman doctor of coarse peasant features in coarse city clothes—fur-trimmed coat and faded felt hat. She led me across the grounds to a rock

Pioneers

By Margery Mansfield

SOME pioneers, among the birds,
Are staking claims to where
they'll sing;
What buds are out are clad in furs
To cross the cold frontiers of spring.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

where Pushkin, she said, went often to think. There was a tablet on the rock with a bit of Pushkin verse:

Farewell to you, unhindered sea
For the last time
You are rolling your blue waves
towards me
Sparkling with noble beauty

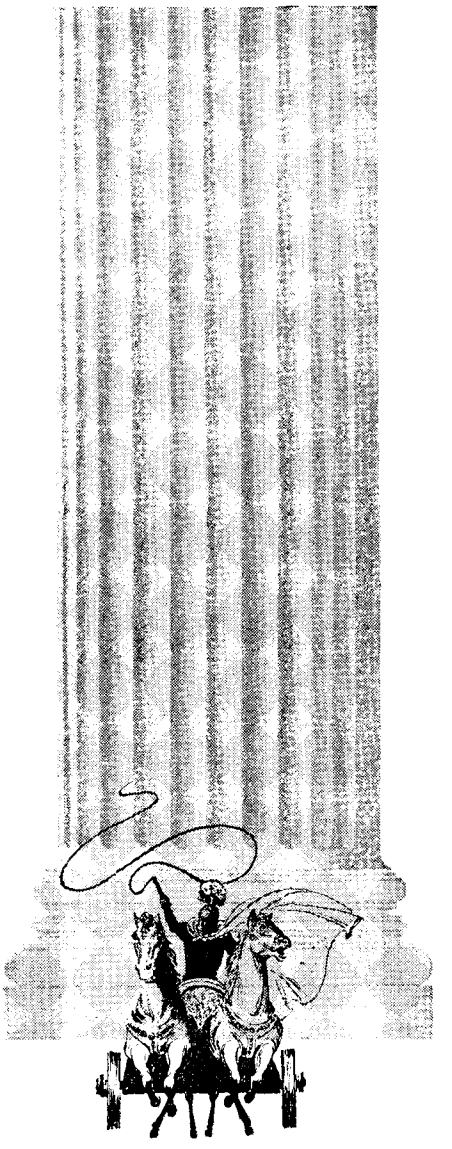
The camp grounds cover 600 hectares, there being 2.5 acres in a hectare. In summer it accepts 1,200 youngsters at a time who come for forty days of play and indoctrination. In winter there is room for 700 at a time, and they come for three months, not only to play but also to study. Children whose fathers were killed in the war are given preference, but Artek also takes Czechs, Mongolians, French, Finns, Rumanians, Bulgarians, Polish, Albanians, Hungarians, and North Vietnamese. There is not much difficulty with children from what Russians refer to as the "Peoples Democracies," since they all have had training in the Russian language.

Entering a dormitory my interpreter and I were required to put on white smocks which, we were assured, would keep off, or keep in, the germs we might have acquired in the world outside. There were paintings of Lenin dandling children on his knee in front of a Christmas tree; another of Stalin with the Crimean Sea beyond. And I wonder now if Artek is about to remove that grand expanse of oil that depicts Artek's children giving Stalin a bouquet while Mao, Molotov, and Marshal Budenny stand in the background holding a book entitled "Lenin and Children."

We came to the dining room and upon a boisterous, energetic group of Artek's young citizens. The boys among them had their heads shaved to the scalp. They wore white shirts and red ties, and were shepherded by a young blonde Amazon who, in her middy blouse, her braided pigtails tied over her head, and her lips uncrossed by cosmetic color, could just as well have been on similar duty, in another season at a camp in Maine.

"You will, of course," the director said to me, "stay to lunch." Since lunch seemed already over, and I had no desire to eat under the intent gaze of 100 youngsters who swarmed about me now as if I had indeed descended from Saturn, I demurred with thanks. At some hidden signal the youngsters pressed closer. They began to shout. They began to chant. They sang. They looked up at me with pleading, but smiling eyes. "What are they saying?" I asked my interpreter as my poise eddied with the swiftness of a leaf swirling down a gutter in a spring rain. "They insist you stay to lunch."

Once I had agreed the shock troops of Artek were ushered out, and the director, the interpreter, and I sat down to eat a mammoth meal. On the wall above, Lenin sat on a porch



europe and platypuses, too!..

If you are going to Europe, you ought to think about coming home the interesting way, via the Middle East, Australia (where platypuses are), the South Seas. It doesn't cost all that much more, and think of what you'll see! Catch a Qantas Super Constellation in, say, London or Rome, and fly in admirable comfort on through to San Francisco. In the process you will have gone *around the world.* Ask your travel agent about this or other Qantas flights, First Class and Tourist, across the world to five continents.

AUSTRALIA'S OVERSEAS AIRLINE

QANTAS

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

NO FRIENDS—JUST RELATIONS

Antoinette G. Wike of Lexington, North Carolina, submits twenty book titles each of which has a relative, or a group of relatives, in it. She asks you to match these correctly with the authors in the second column. The family tree is planted on page 39.

1. "The Children's Hour"	( )	Donn Byrne
2. "Family Reunion"	( )	Brandon Thomas
3. "Mother Carey's Chickens"	( )	Hamlin Garland
4. "God and My Father"	( )	Olive Tilford Dargan
5. "Papa Was a Preacher"	( )	Rachel Crothers
6. "Sister Carrie"	( )	T. S. Eliot
7. "Brother Saul"	( )	Clarence Day
8. "Charley's Aunt"	( )	Lillian Hellman
9. "Uncle Silas"	( )	Aylene Porter
10. "My Cousin Rachel"	( )	Sheridan Le Fanu
11. "Cousin Pons"	( )	Glenway Wescott
12. "My Son! My Son!"	( )	George Kelly
13. "A Daughter of the Middle Border"	( )	Theodore Dreiser
14. "As Husbands Go"	( )	Daphne du Maurier
15. "Craig's Wife"	( )	Nathaniel Hawthorne
16. "Grandfather's Chair"	( )	Jean Webster
17. "The Grandmothers"	( )	Honoré de Balzac
18. "Daddy Longlegs"	( )	Howard Spring
19. "I Remember Mama"	( )	Kathryn Forbes
20. "Call Home the Heart"	( )	Kate Douglas Wiggin

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

teaching the young Stalin. Across the room Engels in oil was having an earnest talk with Karl Marx. The doctor told me, between courses, that Molotov had come in 1935 and the children had asked him for more territory and he had given it to them. I wondered at what hidden signal the horde had been released to sing and shout and ask for *lebensraum*, and whether Molotov had melted as helplessly as had I.

Looking up at the paintings under which 6,000 youngsters eat each year I asked if there was any political indoctrination. The lady director assured me there was none. "Occasionally we do have trouble with Finnish parents who think we are going to make Communists of their children, but this is farthest from the truth." She had, she said, 700 people on her staff. Artek had its own fleet of buses, its own fleet of boats. As the meat course came she plunged her fork into a steak, lifted it whole from the plate, bit off a corner, then holding it aloft, she turned to me and said, "Tell me, do you have camps like this in America?"

I thought of my many summers at camp in New England, and I thought of them especially when we rose finally, after three desserts, from the director's table, and made our way downstairs. There were the assembled kids with their shaved heads, their white shirts, their red ties, their eager look, and their blonde Amazon. They had been held in readiness and now they plunged eagerly into song, a song about Artek. They spelled it out and rolled the r's, and snapped the k, and they looked healthy and strong and free of hate or suspicion or guile. When it was done they burst into exuberant smiles and crowded around again and asked if there were camps like this in the United States, and where did I live, and what kind of songs did they sing in the camps back home. And they waved joyously at me as I got into my Zim limousine and the woman director got into her four-passenger Pobeda, being careful to sit in the seat alongside her driver, to escort me as far as the Tartar village of Gurzuf.

The children were out of earshot immediately, but their faces still visit me, and I know I shall think of them often, wondering when their ingenuousness will fade and what kind of songs they will be singing in the years that lie ahead. —HORACE SUTTON.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the last in a series of articles on Russia by* SR's *travel editor, Horace Sutton. Previous articles appeared in this magazine on January 21, February 4, 11, 18, and March 3 and 10.*

THE FINE ARTS

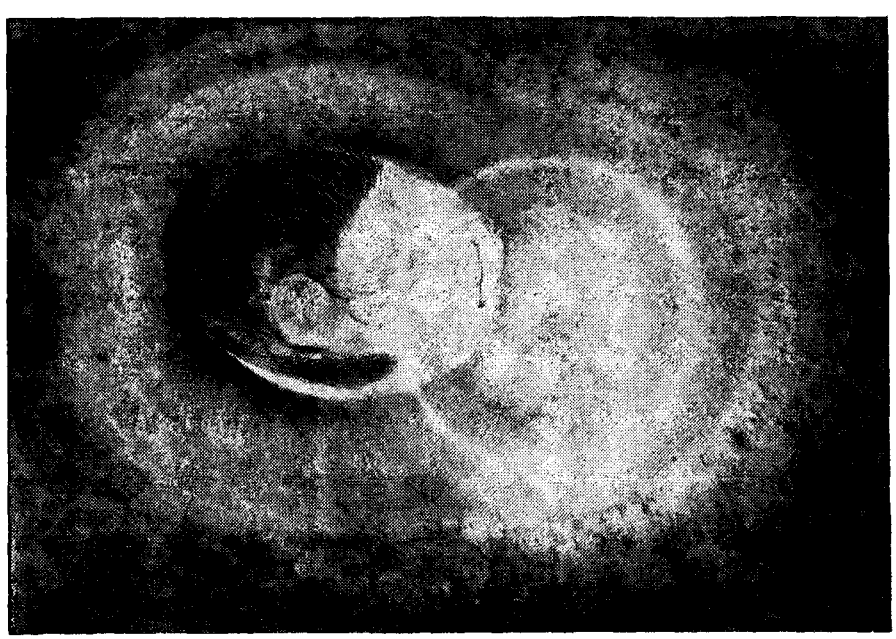
Arthur Dove and Morris Graves

ON THE same day in New York recently there opened one-man exhibitions by two of the leading figures in successive generations of American painters. The first of these shows, at the Downtown Gallery, consisted of twenty oils and two pastels by Arthur Dove (1880-1946); the second, now at the Whitney Museum of American Art and later to be seen at no less than seven museums elsewhere in the country, is of the work of Morris Graves, born in 1910 and admired here and abroad as one of the most personal artists we have produced since World War II began.

The heritages of the two painters could scarcely be more opposite. Dove was born and lived in the East, graduated from Cornell, and for a considerable period had his studio on a houseboat anchored in the Harlem River. Graves, on the other hand, was born in Oregon, grew up in the State of Washington, ran away from school to ship out to the Orient, and has done perhaps his best work on an isolated promontory known as The Rock on one of the San Juan Islands in Puget Sound. Dove instinctively turned to Paris for instruction. In 1907-1908 he spent about a year in the French capital, where through his friends Alfred Maurer and Max Weber he was at once exposed to the most advanced developments in School of Paris art, particularly the work of Henri Matisse. Graves, on the contrary, drew nourishment from the gardens of Japan and, speaking of his youthful journey there, he has said: "You could get into the countryside from Tokyo—it was only half an hour by train. In Japan I at once had the feeling that this was the right way to do everything. It was the acceptance of nature—not the resistance to it. I had no sense that I was to be a painter, but I breathed a different air."

To the end of his life Dove never forgot the lessons in the use of autonomous, clear color taught him by Matisse and other Parisian artists. Moreover, his extraordinarily sensitive *collages*, created in mid-career, were at bottom inspired by the Dadaist works of the man who has been an effective personification of French intelligence and wit in art—Marcel Duchamp. But Graves seems to have derived little from his stay in France a few years ago, and it is a pointed fact that he destroyed a whole series of pictures made in the awe-inspiring shadow of Chartres Cathedral.

Dove belonged in essence to the cultural traditions of Western Europe; Graves is a Zen Buddhist in thought and philosophy, and if he now lives in Ireland, it is because the landscape and climate remind him of the Washington coast. His mind turns constantly to the Pacific and the Orient. He has left them behind in person only to sharpen their meaning for what he is



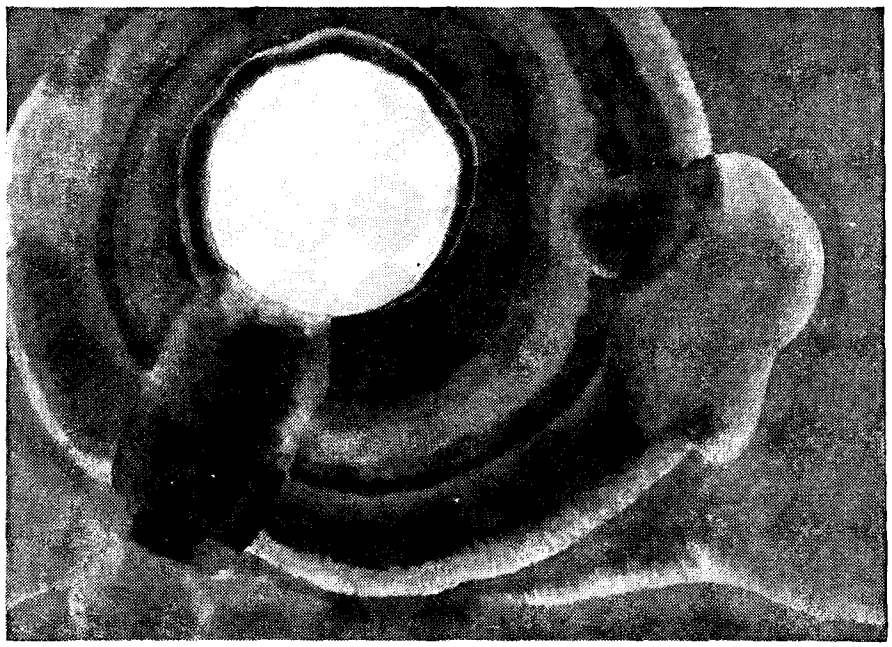
Morris Graves's "Hibernation"—"the acceptance of nature."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trying to create. As Graves told Frederick S. Wight, author of a recent monograph on his life and work (University of California, $1.50 paperbound, $3.50 cloth), "I have memorized the Northwest so I can use it. When I am away I can use it as much as I wish. It does not crowd me like a new environment. I have it in memory."

During his very early years as an artist Dove was an abstract painter (one of our first) and in the book published to accompany the Forum Exhibition of Modern American Painters in 1916 he wrote: "I should like . . . to give in form and color the reaction that plastic objects and sensations of light from within and without have reflected from my inner consciousness." Yet nature and the external world were always of importance to him, as they have been for Graves, and it is as naturalists (a description both artists have mistrusted somewhat) that he and Graves reach a decided, if by no means complete, affinity of spirit. Neither painter has ever been absorbed by the human figure. Both have reacted most constantly to the world of nature, Dove concentrating on broad, abstracted landscape forms and Graves on the birds, snakes, and rodents which claim the wilderness night.

Throughout his career Dove was interested in conveying the poetic impact of nature through simplified masses or rich, sensuous color. As Robert Goldwater remarked in his excellent article on the painter (*Perspectives* 2, winter, 1953), "Dove's whole art tends to mystical directness. His desire is to paint 'the part that goes to make the spirit of painting and leave out all that just makes tons and tons of art'." At his best (and it must be admitted that he was a frighteningly uneven painter) Dove invented the most subtle harmonies of tone and form, satiny texture and inner illumination combining to achieve a fascinating statement about special aspects of landscape. He seldom worked on a large scale, but his best pictures have a curious grandeur in which for John Marin's slashing gusto he substitutes a hushed but penetrating tenderness. There is something of Van Gogh's evangelical fervor in Dove's respect for the natural world, though his temperament is by contrast restrained and polished, and he worked as if reciting confidences to a meditative friend. More often than most artists of his time Dove asked the observer to come prepared for his art by pre-existing lyric mood. He does not seize our attention but woos it slowly. If his technique owes something to contemporary expressionism (in the broadest sense of the term), his vision is elegiac and related to the pastoral romanticism of early nineteenth-century artists like the Englishman Samuel Palmer. Indeed, despite his affinities with the School of Paris, Dove seems to memorable degree an Anglo-Saxon painter, perhaps more at ease in the company of James Ward and Graham Sutherland than of Corot or Braque.



Arthur Dove's "Sunrise No. 2"—"the poetic impact of nature."

GRAVES, on the other hand, belongs to the tradition of the great water-colorists of China and especially Japan. Yet his main impetus as an artist was received from a fellow-American, Mark Tobey, who after long contemplation of the Orient's art had evolved a cat's-cradle, calligraphic style which he called "white writing." Previously Tobey had absorbed a number of European influences and I can remember a group of Cézanne-inspired figure pieces which belonged long ago to his friend Muriel Draper.

But a trip to Japan in the mid-1930s, coupled with reading of Eastern philosophy, showed Tobey a direction which Graves was soon to follow enthusiastically. Still, too much has been made of the similarity between the two artists' approach; their pictures' virtues are more separate certainly than those of Picasso's and Braque's early cubist works.

Graves achieved success quite early in his career, specifically when Dorothy C. Miller included him in her "Americans 1952" exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art and when nearly all his pictures were sold to the Museum, its friends and members of its staff, amid an atmosphere of deep excitement. Today the list of owners of Graves's paintings and drawings is thoroughly impressive. He seems to find buyers even for the recent large oils, which are to my mind far inferior to his earlier works in tempera, being rather cold, swollen and dry and lacking the confessional intensity of the smaller pictures. Dove, on the contrary, has won his high place only since his death, though during his lifetime he had stalwart champions like Duncan Phillips (also a Graves enthusiast and one of the most perceptive collectors in the history of American art) and Dove's running mate at Stieglitz's gallery, Georgia O'Keeffe, who used to lecture me fiercely on Dove's qualities as an artist. Perhaps Dove has been helped to fame lately by the fact that many younger American painters have proposed a comparable abstraction of natural forms. I'm not sure that these younger painters have turned to him consciously for guidance. They have nevertheless reaffirmed his authenticity, so that he emerges as a prophet with or without avowed disciples.

—JAMES THRALL SOBY.

Alpine View

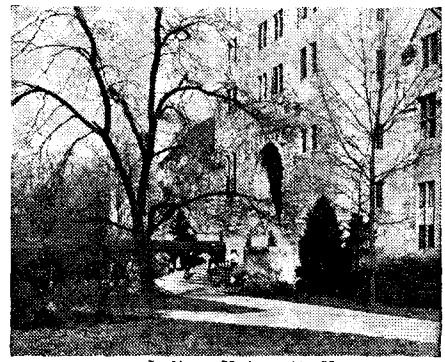
By Melville Cane

THE Chiefs of State marched up the hill
Until they reached the summit.
A fact, which leads one to conclude:
The higher up, the altitude,
The swifter down, the plummet.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WORKSHOPS FOR WRITERS

SR's ANNUAL PREVIEW OF SUMMER CONFERENCES



—*Indiana University News Bureau.*

By GORHAM MUNSON, *editor of Thomas Nelson & Sons, author of "The Writer's Workshop Companion" and other texts on writing, and long identified with the writers' conference movement as a workshop instructor, guest lecturer, director, and publisher's scout.*

AFTER this piece is written, but before it appears in print, I shall visit the first writers' conference of 1956, a two-day affair at Drury College in the Ozarks. In June I shall be at the well-publicized Southwest Writers Conference run by Dee Woods at Corpus Christi, Texas, a four-day affair. Some of the short writers' conferences—the one at the University of Pittsburgh, for instance—do not attempt to give manuscript criticism, but Drury and Southwest do, and I shall be interested in how they handle the reading and reporting on manuscripts in a brief session.

There is, I think, general agreement among those who have attended writers' conferences that the most valuable feature is the individual conference with the staff member who has read the manuscripts of his workshop registrants. For the staff member the interview is always a bit of an ordeal. He must read a manuscript with more pains than an editor needs to take. The editor can often tell quickly and correctly whether a manuscript is acceptable, but if it is rejected he does not have to justify minutely the rejection. His taste and judgment are sufficient for the business of appraising. But on a writers' conference staff this same editor finds himself accountable to the submitter. He must tell him face to face just why his manuscript is faulty and what can be done to improve it. He must be tactful, helpful, and always honest.

At the Montana State University Writers' Conference "the afternoons are usually turned over entirely to private interviews," writes Henry V. Larom. "Whether the staff members realize it or not, they are like the prospectors who still roam our Montana mountains. They prowl among the conferees' manuscripts, and when they hit pay dirt they click like frenetic geiger counters. But they need time to think about the manuscripts, to talk to the student, to dig into his problems. Even though it is a short conference, they must learn something of the budding author to help him refine his work. . . . This prospecting attitude seems even more important than stimulating lectures and discussions. It is the heart of the matter."

This year there will be about fifteen short conferences (under five days) and more than twenty long conferences (ten days being a favorite length). Stimulation would seem to be the strong talking-point of the short conference; instruction the big talking-point of the long conference.

The long conferences pretty much follow the original Bread Loaf model. Unacademic in character, they usually have college sponsorship, a basis for community life, informal workshop talks, round-table discussions, formal evening lectures, and private interviews for manuscript criticism. How good some of them are has often been testified to by writers who have made reputations since attending conferences early in their careers. Jean Stafford went to the University of Colorado Conference at Boulder. Shirley Barker went to Bread Loaf—and is now on the University of New Hampshire Conference staff. A. B. Guthrie, Jr., went to Bread Loaf. John Ciardi, poetry lecturer at Bread Loaf, once remarked to Theodore Morrison, the director, "Ted, if you fired me from the staff I'd come back as a customer."

Morrison has retired as director of Bread Loaf after twenty-four years in the job. The writers' conference movement owes very much to this poet, novelist, and teacher for fixing its character. When Morrison took the directorship in 1932 the conference idea was still fluid. It was in danger of being commercialized or vulgarized. Morrison warded off the danger and kept the standard high; season after season he put on an exemplary conference. Always at hand to impart a sagelike quality was Robert Frost.

Morrison's successor is John Ciardi, from whom I have secured a policy statement. "Bread Loaf," its new director says, "offers sympathetic criticism, but it will not flatter poor writing. A conferee who presents a bad manuscript will be told it is bad and will be given detailed (as detailed as patience and skill can manage) reasons for its badness. The center and intent of all this is an approach to the art of trapping human experience in experiencable language. No TV workshops, no radio writing. Bread Loaf is not opposed to commercial writing but it deals in more basically human responses."

AT THE Writers' Conference in the Rocky Mountains (University of Colorado), the second oldest conference, emphasis is likewise placed on sympathetic, honest criticism. Its director, Don Saunders, writes: "Although a writers' conference can teach able students some shortcuts, it cannot impart talent. If we succeed in arousing fresh determination to write and keep writing I feel that we have done about all we can do. I think that staff members must be frank but not unsympathetic in their criticism of manuscripts."

From the third oldest conference,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the University of New Hampshire Conference, Carroll Towle writes: "What we are doing here, without trying to beat the drum too much, just seems to get better in every way year by year, and that goes for the professional advice, the quality of the writing, and the spirit of the whole enterprise."

Last year I closed my preview article by saying, "I think we shall see a big conference near New York City within three years." When President David Delo of Wagner College read this he seems to have said, "Why not *in* New York City, right here in the Borough of Richmond?" Virgil Markham, the novelist chairman of Wagner's Department of English, seems to have seconded the motion. The result is the preliminary organization of the New York City Writers' Conference at Staten Island, sponsored by Wagner College. On the island to which Emerson, Thoreau, and Edwin Markham have given literary associations there will take place next July the first full-scale, extensive writers' conference to be attempted in New York City. But then there are still farms on Staten Island, the Wagner campus overlooks New York harbor from the highest point of land on the coast between Maine and North Carolina, and it's cooler there in summertime Manhattan. There are accommodations for one hundred members in residence. The blueprint for the Wagner conference follows the Bread Loaf plan except for the concentration of the program in the late afternoon and early evening—this to permit commuters from Manhattan to attend after business hours.

The writers' conference idea has spread from the East to the West Coast and down to south Texas, and now to New York City in truncated form at Columbia and New York University, in complete form at Wagner. I'll try my luck at prediction again. I had hoped to report that the idea was taking root in the Deep South, for there was talk last summer of organizing a conference at the University of Mississippi, but no further word has come. Maybe in 1957 the Deep South will have a regional writers' conference.

The directory below does not attempt to include summer school writing courses unless they are grouped in a conference pattern.

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Middlebury College, will meet at Bread Loaf, Vermont, August 15-29. Founded 1926, it is the original writers' conference. Director: John Ciardi. Asst. Director: Paul Cubeta. Staff: in fiction—Rachel MacKenzie, Merle Miller, William Sloane, Winfred van Atta; in non-fiction—Catherine Drinker Bowen, Bruce Lancaster, Fletcher Pratt; in poetry—Leonie Adams, Robert Frost, John Ciardi. Among evening lecturers will be Louis M. Lyons, Curator of the Nieman Foundation. Single inclusive fee, starting at $135, covers board, room, and tuition costs for entire session. A limited number of fellowships paying all regular charges are available, but fellowship candidates must be nominated by a magazine editor, publisher, literary agent, well-known writer, or other sponsor. Brochure available in April. Address inquiries to Paul Cubeta, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt.

CALIFORNIA WRITERS' CONFERENCE, sponsored by the California Writers' Club in cooperation with the Oakland Chamber of Commerce and the *Oakland Tribune*, will meet April 13-14 in the Ballroom, Municipal Auditorium, Oakland, California. Founded 1955. Last year's attendance, 1,200. Conference will be preceded by an Authors' Night Dinner on April 12, open to registrants. General Chairman: John Wesley Noble; Asst. General Chairman, Lucy Cundiff; Secretary, George M. Taylor. Six panel sessions featuring prominent authors, including a panel on radio, TV, and movie script writing. Non-profit. For information and registration, write California Writers' Conference, c/o Oakland Chamber of Commerce, 1320 Webster St., Oakland 12, Calif.

CHICAGO WRITERS' CONFERENCE, Chicago, Illinois (Sessions at the Fine Arts Building, 410 S. Michigan Blvd.) Founded 1955. April 27-28. Subjects: fiction, non-fiction, juvenile, television. Irving Leiberman, director; Fred V. Hein, Ph.D., health writer for the American Medical Association; A. S. ("Doc") Young, editor of *Ebony*; F. Howard Clark, executive vice-president of Henry Regnery Co., publishers; Roy Alexander, editor of *Specialty Salesman*; Helen T. Aschmann, former fiction teacher at Northwestern University; Walter Simmons, assistant editor of *Chicago Tribune Sunday Magazine*; Peggy Lois French, editor of *Creative Enterprises*, publishers; Alexander J. Morin, editor of the University of Chicago Press; Genevieve Wisniewski, assistant editor of *Extension Magazine*; Harold F. Podhaski, trade-magazine writer; Rawson T. Wood, editor of *The Home Worker Magazine*, and others. Expected enrolment, 150. Address Irving Leiberman, 1555 Luxor Rd., Cleveland 18, Ohio.

CHAUTAUQUA WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under auspices of Chautauqua Institution, Chautauqua, New York, founded 1947, will hold its tenth annual session July 16-August 3. Last year's registration: 84. Courses are designed to assist both the publishing writer and the beginner. Syracuse University, through its Chautauqua Center, will grant graduate and undergraduate credit to those who qualify. Director: Diggory Venn, who is also instructor in non-fiction. Co-director: Margaret Widdemer, who will instruct in fiction and also give three lectures on "Roots and Backgrounds of Poetry Making." Robert Francis will lead the Poetry Workshop and give three lectures on "The Year in Poetry, July 1955 to July 1956." He will also give a fourth week in poetry, a short course independent of the three-week Poetry Workshop but growing out of it. Marjorie B. Paradis will be the instructor in juveniles, one week, July 30-August 3. Rebecca Richmond is Secretary. Special features: a series of luncheons and teas to promote the interchange of ideas; exhibition of students' published work; symphony concerts under the direction of Walter Hendl and a series of operas and plays are available to workshop students in the evenings; lakeside recreation. Tuition fees for participating non-credit students: $25 for each full-length course, manuscript conference included; $60 for all three courses combined; $15 for juvenile course (seven and one-half hours). Lower fees for auditors. Fees for credit students in line with those of other credit courses of Syracuse University. For additional information, write Mrs. Ruth Skinner, Registrar, Chautauqua Summer Schools, Chautauqua, N.Y.

THE WRITERS' CONFERENCE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, under the auspices of the University of Colorado, founded in 1930, meets at Boulder, Colorado, July 23-August 10. Capacity attendance last year. Director: Don Saunders. Staff: Philip Wylie, novel; Warren Beck, short story; Walter S. Campbell (Stanley Vestal), non-fiction; May Sarton, poetry; Harry Muheim, TV drama; Phyllis Whitney, juvenile fiction. Workshop in Writing on Marketing Problems scheduled for third week. Enrolment limited to approximately 100. Tuition: minimum, $48; maximum, $98. Reading fees, from $5 to $17.50. Room and board charges for three weeks: $97 per person double; $127 single. For bulletin, address Writers' Conference, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo.

WRITERS' CONFERENCE AT THE SUMMER SESSION OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, a special service to students registered in the summer session, runs from July 23 to August 9. Established 1951. Director: William A. Owens, Associate Professor of English. Guest speakers: Carson McCullers, Ann Petry, Annie Laurie Williams, Camille David, Philip Wittenberg, Eleanor Stierhem Rawson, William D. Patterson, other writers, editors, publishers, agents, and radio and TV experts. The following teachers of writing will participate: Martha Foley, Louise Bogan, John Selby, George Britt, John R. Humphreys, Robert S. Greene. Meetings from 5 to 6 p.m., Mondays through Thursdays, in air-conditioned Harkness Theatre. All conference meetings open without fee to students registered in the summer session but not open to unregistered persons. For further information, write Director of the Summer Session, Columbia University, New York 27, N.Y.

DRURY COLLEGE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, sponsored by the Drury College Adult Education Program with the cooperation of the Department of English, held its seventh annual session March 23-24 at Drury College, Springfield, Missouri. General chairman: Adelaide H. Jones. Staff: Daniel Longwell, Gorham Munson, La Vere Anderson, Goldie C. Smith, Shirley Fisher, Elsie Grant Henson, Gerald Massie, Clifton J. Allen, Frank Farmer, Marge Lyon. Prize contest for ballads on Ozarks themes. Registration fee, $3. Manuscript criticism fee, $2. For information about 1957 conference, write Adelaide H. Jones, General Chairman, Writers' Conference, Drury College, Springfield 2, Mo.

HUCKLEBERRY MOUNTAIN WORKSHOP CAMP, INC., Hendersonville, North Carolina, a non-profit institution for the arts, will run its writers' conference for three two-week sessions, starting July 1 and closing August 11. Director: Bertha Wilcox Smith. Staff: Ruth McCoy Harris, prose; Louis De Jean, prose; Vivian Laramore Rader, poetry; Helen Diehl Olds, juvenile writing; Edwin Osgood Grover, consultant; Chester A. Smith, photography workshop for writers. Rates for lodging and meals, $30 and up per week. Tuition, $10 per week per subject. Brochure available on request to Huckleberry Mountain Workshop Camp, Hendersonville, N.C.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY WRITERS' CONFERENCE, Bloomington, Indiana, will be held July 9-14. Founded 1940. Director: Robert W. Mitchner. Workshops in fiction, non-fiction, poetry, juvenile writing, TV. Staff: Helen Eustis, Henry La Cossitt, Howard Nemerov, Erik Barnouw, Ruth Krauss. Karl Shapiro will lecture at a public forum. Fees: $15 for the first workshop, $12.50 for the second. No student may take more than two workshops. Auditors admitted at half-fees. Ten tuition scholarships available through a grant from the Indiana University Foundation. For brochure, write Robert W. Mitchner, Director, Indiana University Writers' Conference, Bloomington, Ind.

KANSAS WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of University Extension and the William Allen White School of Journalism and Public Information, University of Kansas, will meet June 25-29 at Lawrence, Kansas. Founded 1948, suspended 1950-1952, resumed 1953 under direction of Frances Grinstead, novelist and teacher of magazine writing. Staff: Martha Cheavens, fiction; George McCue, non-fiction; Don Wilcox, juvenile writing; Wilson B. Key, radio and TV; Katherine Edelman, poetry; John Tiffany Elliott, markets. Fee covering tuition and some manuscript criticism, $25. Additional criticism at fees stated in brochure. For brochure, write Frances Grinstead, 203 Flint Hall, University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kan.

MOREHEAD WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under auspices of Morehead State College, meets at Morehead, Kentucky, July 23-August 3. Writers may attend either first or second week or for full two-week period. Founded 1952. Director: James McConkey. Staff: Hollis Summers, James Still, Lucien Stryk, Nolan Miller. Tuition, $10 a week's dormitory fee $2.50 a week; meals, $10-12 a week. Enrolment limited to approximately 40. Admission on basis of sample manuscript submitted in advance. For information, write James McConkey, Director, Morehead Writers' Workshop, Morehead State College, Morehead, Ky.

LAURENTIAN WRITERS' CONFERENCE, a writers' houseparty for women students only, will be held at the director's private country estate at

A recent staff at University of Indiana Writers' Conference: (front) Richard Wilbur, Elizabeth Yates, P. B. Daghlian; (rear) Robert Coughlin, J. F. Powers, Paul Pickrel.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lake Manitou South, Province Quebec, Canada, sixty-five miles north of Montreal. The dates are August 5-12. Founded 1953. Director: E. Louise Cushing. Staff: Dorothy Dumbrille, Mildred Hobbs, Irene Craig Neil. Accommodation is limited to 10. All applications must be accompanied by manuscripts or samples of published writing. Tour to Mont Tremblant and shopping tour to Ste. Agathe included in the all-inclusive fee, $75 per person. For information, write Miss E. Louise Cushing, 820 Buchanan St., St. Laurent, Montreal 9, P.Q., Canada.

STATE OF MAINE WRITERS' CONFERENCE will meet August 22-24 at Ocean Park, Maine. Chairman: Dan Kelly. Staff: David O. Woodbury, Loring Williams, Adelbert M. Jakeman, Louise Darcy, Harold W. Gleason, William E. Harris, Elvah Harris, Marjorie Flack, Mildred M. Thomas, Mary Sweetser, George S. Graffam, Edward R. Schwarz, Sheldon Christian. Guest speaker: Robb Sagendorph. Prize contests. Book fair. Headquarters at Ocean Park Hotel; write direct for accommodations. Registration fee: $1.50 per day. For further information, write Dan Kelly, 37 Stone St., Augusta, Me.

MCKENDREE COLLEGE COLLOQUIUM will be the successor to the McKendree College Writers' Conference held last year with an attendance of 225. The Colloquium is a short non-credit conference that will meet in two sessions on Saturday, April 14, on the campus of McKendree College, Lebanon, Illinois. It will be sponsored by the local chapter of Sigma Tau Delta. Director: Mildred Silver. Principal speaker: Warren Beck. Registration fee for adults, $1. High-school and college students free. For information, write Mildred Silver, 422 E. Pearl St., Lebanon, Ill.

DETROIT WRITERS' CONFERENCE, Detroit, Michigan. (Sessions at Crowley-Milner Department Store.) August 24-25. Subjects: Juveniles, articles, fillers, TV scripts, books. Irving Leiberman, director; speakers to include publishers, magazine editors, professional writers, and successful teachers of writing. Expected enrolment, 100. Address Irving Leiberman, 1555 Luxor Rd., Cleveland 18, O.

MONTANA STATE UNIVERSITY WRITERS' CONFERENCE will be held July 16-21 at Missoula, Montana. Founded in 1949. Director: Henry V. Larom. Staff: Walter Van Tilburg Clark, Dorothy M. Johnson, Louis Vaczek, Walter Prescott Webb, and others to be announced. Tuition: $25, which includes the Conference dinner. For information and booklet, write Henry V. Larom, Montana State University, Missoula, Mont.

NEW ENGLAND WRITERS' CONFERENCE has scheduled its first session for July 27 to August 5 at Suffield Academy, Suffield, Connecticut. There is a sponsoring committee of ten New England college professors. Directors: George Abbe, Madeline Mason. Coordinator: Charles D. H. Reynolds. Staff: Charles Fenton, Walker Gibson, George P. Elliott, Lawrence Holmes, and others to be announced. Five workshops. Spot speakers on marketing, publishing, writing. Tuition: $35 for one workshop, $40 for two, $45 for three, $50 for all. For brochure, write Charles H. H. Reynolds, New England Writers' Conference, Suffield Academy, Suffield, Conn.

CLARK UNIVERSITY SUMMER WRITERS' CONFERENCE will meet July 12-14 at the Clark University Campus, 950 Main St., Worcester, Massachusetts. Founded 1955 with an attendance of 73. Director: William E. Harris. Staff: Edward H. Schmidt of *Reader's Digest*, Maxine Lewis of *Family Circle*, Theodore Sturgeon, Frances Frost, Adele and Cateau de Leeuw, Doris Marston, Mildred Mikkanen of *Worcester Telegram*, Adelaide Field of *Child Life*. While the staff is smaller than the first year, there will be more workshops this year and a panel discussion of marketing. Tuition not fixed yet but probably $20. For information, write William E. Harris, 50 West St., Lunenburg, Mass.

UNIVERSITY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of University of New Hampshire, meets during the latter part of August at Durham, New Hampshire. Founded 1938. Director: Carroll S. Towle. Staff: Charles Angoff, Shirley Barker, Ella Shannon Bowles, Margaret Coit, Edmund Cortez, William Ellis, John Holmes, Frangcon Jones, Curtis Thomas, Loyd Haberly, Loring Williams, Elizabeth Yates, and others to be announced. Visits by A. S. Burack, editor of *The Writer*, and Frederick Packard of Harvard. Conference puts out a daily newspaper, the *Durham Bull*. Last year's attendance: approximately 100. Scholarships and prizes. Tuition fees: Contributors, entire conference, $58; contributors, one week, $36; auditors, entire conference, $50; auditors, one week, $28. Room and board for entire session may be obtained at a special rate of $40. For information, write Carroll S. Towle, Chairman, University of New Hampshire Writers' Conference, Durham, N.H.

EASTERN NEW MEXICO WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under auspices of Eastern New Mexico University, will meet June 21-23 on the campus of Eastern New Mexico University, Portales, New Mexico. Founded 1953. Director: Dr. E. Debs Smith. Staff: Walter S. Campbell (Stanley Vestal), Bennett Foster, William Eastlake, and others to be announced. Fees: $5 for auditors, $10 for one-hour university credit. Awards totaling $200 will be given for the best writing about the Southwest. Address inquiries to Dr. E. Debs Smith, Director, Eastern New Mexico Writers' Workshop, Eastern New Mexico University, Portales, N.M.

NEW YORK CITY WRITERS' CONFERENCE AT STATEN ISLAND, under auspices of Wagner College, will hold its first session July 10-20 on the Grymes Hill campus of Wagner College, Staten Island. Director: Gorham Munson. Workshop leaders: Charles Angoff, non-fiction; Hallie Southgate Burnett, fiction; H. R. Hayes, radio, TV, stage, and movie writing; Marianne Moore, poetry. Round tables, evening lectures, individual manuscript conferences. A special feature will be Poetry Society of America Day. Many visiting speakers from Manhattan, the center of publishing and literary life of America, only a ferryboat ride distant from the conference. Inclusive fee for entire program, board and room, $100. Tuition alone, $45. Events will be scheduled at hours convenient for commuters from Manhattan. For brochure, write NYC Writers' Conference, Wagner College, Staten Island 1, New York.

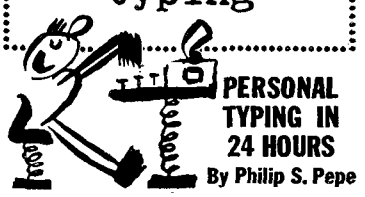
NEW YORK WRITERS' CONFERENCE, New York, N. Y. (Sessions at Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.) November 16-17. Subjects: short-short fiction, articles, juveniles, TV scripts, magazine fiction, novels, etc. Irving Leiberman, director; speakers to include novelists, magazine editors, publishers, short-story writers, TV editors, and literary agents. Expected enrolment, 150. Address Irving Leiberman, 1555 Luxor Rd., Cleveland 18, Ohio.

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY WRITING CONFERENCE, under auspices of Washington Square College, New York University, offers two workshop courses and a series of Wednesday Noon Conferences, June 18 to July 27, at the Washington Square Center of New York University, New York City. Staff: Vance Bourjaily, Muriel Rukeyser. Wednesday Noon Conference speakers: Nannine Joseph, Keith Jennison, Hiram Haydn, Warren Brown, Philip Rahv. Fee for single six-point workshop course, $158. For information, address Dean of Admissions, Washington Square College, New York University, N.Y. 3, N.Y.

OHIO VALLEY WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Marietta College, will hold its second conference from August 26 to September 1 on the campus of Marietta College, Marietta, Ohio. Attendance last year: over 80. Director: Anne Chamberlain Brown. Staff: Dorothy James Roberts, Alberta Hannum, Josephine Phillips, Dud Chamberlain, Louis Simpson, Herman Ziegner, Henry Volkenning. For fees, brochure, and other information, address Anne Chamberlain Brown, Director, Ohio Valley Writers' Conference, Marietta College, Marietta, O.

NORTHEAST WRITERS' CONFERENCE, Cleveland, Ohio. (Sessions at Higbee Department Store.) Founded 1952. June 22-23. Subjects: TV script writing, magazine writing, and book writing, both juvenile and adult. Irving Leiberman, director; speakers to include TV script buyers, magazine editors and publishers. Expected en-

Quick, easy way to learn typing



PERSONAL TYPING IN 24 HOURS
By Philip S. Pepe

Now! Type simple sentences the first hour; 24 practice hours later type page-long letter **in five minutes!** No dull word drills . . . short, easy-to-follow instructions . . . make this handy, step-by-step manual the effective guide to accurate, speedy typing. Has helped thousands to type — **YOU can learn too!** REVISED EDITION. Over 100,000 copies sold. $2.25 at your bookstore.

McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc.
330 W. 42d St., N. Y. 36, N. Y.

SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY

School of Journalism

Writers' Conference

Aug. 13 to 24

2 Credit Courses
Vincent McHugh—Short Stories
Robert Root—Articles

For further information write
Dean Wesley C. Clark,
School of Journalism,
Syracuse University

CHAUTAUQUA WRITERS' WORKSHOP

10th Session July 16 to Aug. 3, 1956

Workshops in Fiction, Poetry, Non-Fiction and Juveniles. Manuscript conferences and all Chautauqua activities. Staff: Diggory Venn, *Director*, Margaret Widdemer, Robert Francis, Marjorie B. Paradis, Rebecca Richmond. Fees: $25-60 for participants; special rates for auditors. Academic Credit through Syracuse University.

For bulletins, write: Registrar, Chautauqua Schools, Chautauqua, N. Y.

Montana State University

WRITERS' CONFERENCE

July 16—21

Subjects: Novel, short story, poetry, non-fiction, juveniles, marketing etc.

Staff: Walter Van Tilburg Clark, Dorothy M. Johnson, Louis Vaczek, Walter Prescott Webb and others.

5 Week Courses (including Conference) in writing of short story and novel, taught by Louis Vaczek, July 16—August 18.

Moderate fees, economical room and board on campus. For costs, details, vacation opportunities and brochure write:

Henry V. Larom

Montana State University

Missoula, Montana

WAGNER COLLEGE announces the first session of the New York City Writers Conference at Staten Island will open for ten days on July 10. A writers' conference next door to the literary and publishing center of America. Vacation surroundings, dormitory, dining-hall for summer visitors. Registration open to daily commuters from Manhattan. Gorham Munson, director. For brochure, write NYC Writers Conference, Wagner College, Staten Island 1, N. Y.

July 7-14 Green Lake, Wisconsin

Christian Writers and Editors' Conference

Expert help for beginning or experienced writers
Plus second week, July 14-21, for writing
For details, write to:
DR. BENJAMIN P. BROWNE
1703 Chestnut St., Phila. 3, Pa.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR's GUIDE TO WRITERS' SUMMER CONFERENCES

Since 1926

BREAD LOAF

the first founded and still the first

WRITERS' CONFERENCE

August 15-29

Director: John Ciardi
Special Lecturers: Robert Frost, Louis Lyons, Winfred van Atta
Fiction: William Sloane, Merle Miller, Rachel Mackenzie
Non-Fiction: Fletcher Pratt, Bruce Lancaster, Catherine Drinker Bowen
Poetry: Léonie Adams

For Information write:

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE
Middlebury College, Middlebury 6, Vermont

23rd Writers' Conference
in the ROCKY MOUNTAINS
JULY 23-AUGUST 10, 1956

Workshops in novel, short story, poetry, non-fiction, juvenile fiction, television drama, and writing-marketing problems.

Distinguished staff, including: Philip Wylie, May Sarton, Warren Beck, Walter S. Campbell, Phyllis Whitney, Harry Muheim, and others.

Write Don Saunders,
Conference Director
UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO
Macky 364, Boulder, Colorado

Summer Writing Courses

NEW SCHOOL

66 West 12 St., N. Y. 11

Charles Glicksberg

THE WRITER'S LABORATORY
Experiments in creative writing
Mon. through Thurs. 8:20-10:10
July 9-August 2—$45.00

THE WRITER'S LABORATORY
Advanced
Mon. through Thurs. 6:00-7:50
July 9-August 2—$60.00

FOR INFORMATION CALL OR 5-2700

WRITERS' CONFERENCE
The University of New Hampshire
19th Session **Aug. 13-24, 1956**

Fiction, poetry, drama, radio, writing for children, all types of prose, publishing advice. Fifteen leading writers and critics. Manuscript readings and conferences. For complete information write:

Carroll S. Towle • Durham, New Hampshire

SOUTHWEST WRITERS CONFERENCE
June 2-5th

Speakers from 7 States, 8 Publishers, 11 Magazines, TV, Radio . . .
Critics, Authors, Journalists

Director Dee Woods
406 S. Carancahua **Corpus Christi, Texas**

VERMONT
WRITERS CONFERENCE
at Windham College
Putney, Vermont

August 19th to 31st
(Eighth Year)

Lectures and Workshops

Novel, short story, poetry, article, biography, autobiography, radio & television, juveniles.

Staff and Lecturers

Charles Glicksberg, Marguerite Young, Charles Jackson, T. L. McCready, Jr., Leonard Bishop, Stoyan Christowe, John S. Hooper, Charles Burns, Joseph F. Dinneen, Frederic Van de Water, Harriet Wolf, Jack W. Hines, Walter Hendricks, and others.

You will enjoy your two weeks vacation at this Writers Conference in Vermont

For catalogue and application blank, write to

VERMONT WRITERS CONFERENCE
Windham College **Putney, Vermont**

INDIANA UNIVERSITY
WRITERS' CONFERENCE
July 9-14

Fiction: Helen Eustis
Non-fiction: Henry La Cossitt
Poetry: Howard Nemerov
Television Writing: Erik Barnouw
Children's Literature: Ruth Krauss

For particulars address
ROBERT W. MITCHNER, Director
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana

2ND CLARK UNIVERSITY WRITERS' CONFERENCE
July 12-14th

Panels, Workshops in fiction, article, etc., led by Edward H. Schmidt, Maxine Lewis, Theodore Sturgeon, Frances Frost, Adele & Cateau de Leeuw, Mildred Mikkanen, Doris Marston, and others. For details, write:

William E. Harris, Chairman
Clark University Writers' Conference
950 Main St., Worcester 10, Mass.

PHILADELPHIA CONFERENCE
PHILADELPHIA REGIONAL WRITERS' CONFERENCE
EIGHTH ANNUAL **JUNE 27, 28, 29**

Cash prize contests. Workshops in 15 subjects. Evening lectures. Consultations. All sessions held at Philly's famous Bellevue-Stratford Hotel. Write for program to:

FLORENCE KERIGAN, Registrar
P.O. Box 897 **Philadelphia 5, Pa.**

PACIFIC COAST *Writers Conference*
Los Angeles State College
June 18-July 6

Fiction, television, motion picture, poetry, children's literature, articles. Featuring Phil Ault, Jack Bass, Oakley Hall, Bud Kay, Henry Kuttner, Louis L'Amour, Charles Mohler, C. L. Moore, F. A. Rockwell, Rosalie Stewart, Edward Weismiller, Wirt Williams, Leonard Wolf.

Address Director Wirt Williams
Los Angeles State College, Los Angeles 32

JUNE 1 1956 *is the closing date for the*

HARPER $10,000 Prize Novel Contest of 1956

Any unpublished novel in the English language is eligible. No entry form is needed. But each manuscript must be accompanied by a letter stating that it is submitted for the Contest and has never been published in book form.

The Judges:

HAMILTON BASSO
novelist, author of *The View from Pompey's Head, The Green Room, etc.*

ORVILLE PRESCOTT
daily book critic of the *New York Times*

JESSAMYN WEST
novelist, author of *Cress Delahanty, The Witchdiggers, The Friendly Persuasion, etc.*

Send manuscripts or write to:

The Harper Prize Novel Contest
HARPER & BROTHERS
49 East 33rd St., New York 16, N. Y.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
SUMMER SESSION
July 9 through August 17, 1956

PROFESSIONAL WRITING COURSES

Fiction MARTHA FOLEY, JOHN R. HUMPHREYS
WILLIAM A. OWENS, JOHN SELBY
Non-Fiction ..... GEORGE BRITT
Poetry ..... LOUISE BOGAN
Television and Radio ..... ROBERT S. GREENE

WRITERS CONFERENCE
July 23 to August 9

Speakers will include the above instructors as well as other writers, editors, publishers, writers' agents, and representatives of radio and television. Among the guest speakers will be:

ANN PETRY CAMILLE DAVID
PETER MATTHIESEN PHILIP WITTENBERG
ANN LAURIE WILLIAMS

THE SCHOOL OF LETTERS
Indiana University **June 18-July 31**

The theory and practice of literary criticism
Courses by:
Karl Shapiro Richard Ellmann
Richard Chase Northrup Frye

For details address:
Newton P. Stallknecht, Director
BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rolment, 200. Address Irving Leiberman, 1555 Luxor Rd., Cleveland 18, Ohio.

OHIO VERSEWRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Ohio Poetry Society, will meet on May 5 at the College of Wooster, Wooster, Ohio. Founded 1951. Director: Loring Williams. Staff: Katheryn Montgomery, Ralph L. Kinsey, George W. Bradford, Dr. Arthur Thomas, Harry Ridenour, and others to be announced. Nominal registration fee. For information, write Loring Williams, 4109 Bushnell Road, University Heights 18, O.

SHORT COURSE IN PROFESSIONAL WRITING, under auspices of University of Oklahoma, will meet June 5, 6, and 7 in the Union Building at Norman, Oklahoma. Founded 1938. Director: W. S. Campbell. Permanent Staff: Foster Harris, Dwight V. Swain. Speakers: Robert Amusson of McGraw-Hill, Nita Naylor of Naylor Publishing Co., Glen Bradley of the University of Oklahoma Press, Paul R. Reynolds, literary agent, Edward Barry Roberts of Yale. Panel of industrial editors. Workshops in Writing for Television, Short Story, Novel, Mystery Story, Writing Juveniles, Inspirational Writing, Confession Story, and Writing for Industrial Magazines. Illustrated lecture on book illustrations. Other speakers to be announced. Manuscript readings may be arranged. Tuition: $15. For information, write W. S. Campbell, School of Journalism, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla.

OMAHA WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Omaha Writers Club, will take place May 11, 12, 13 at the Paxton Hotel, Omaha, Nebraska. Founded 1946. Principal speaker: Charles Morton of *Atlantic Monthly*. Other speakers: Dr. L. V. Jacks, Mrs. Val Teal. Fee, $11. For information, write Ruth Crosby, Secretary, Omaha Writers' Conference, 3920 Cuning St., Omaha, Neb.

PACIFIC COAST WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Los Angeles State College, will meet on the State College campus June 18-July 6. Founded 1953. Director: Wirt Williams (during leave of absence of Frederick Shroyer). Staff and speakers include Oakley Hall, author of "Corpus of Joe Bailey," Edward Weismuller, poet, Henry Kuttner, science-fiction writer, Philip Ault, book editor of *Los Angeles Mirror*, Jack Guss, Webster Jones, Bud Kay, Louis L'Amour, Rosalie Stewart, Leonard Wolf, Mitchell Marcus, James Steel Smith, and others to be announced. Tuition rate not yet announced; last year's was $33. For further information, write Wirt Williams, Director, Pacific Coast Writers' Conference, Los Angeles State College, Los Angeles 32, Calif.

PHILADELPHIA REGIONAL WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under the auspices of a number of writers' clubs in the Philadelphia area, was established in 1949. The eighth annual conference will occur on June 27, 28, 29 at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia. President: Hobart F. Berolzheimer. Staff: Earl T. Crooker, drama; John W. Alexander, articles; Helen Hoke Watts and Lewis P. Nachod, juveniles; Pauline Bloom, short fiction; Dr. John H. Powell, historical writing; Arnold M. Rabin, radio and TV; Dr. Austin J. App, creative writing; Edward J. Hunter, humor; Malcolm Stewart, true-type story; Bart Spicer, mystery story; Sister Mary Pauline Fitts, Catholic writing; Col. Arthur J. Burks, short story; William E. Jones, religious writing; William E. Harris, consultant. Guest speakers for evening programs to be announced later. Cash prizes. Fees: registration, $1.50 plus $2.50 for each workshop; evening lectures, $1.75. For contest rules, program, and other information, write Florence Kerigan, Registrar, P.O. Box 897, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA CONFERENCE FOR READERS AND WRITERS, under auspices of English Department of the University of Pittsburgh, has been meeting in mid-April each year since its founding in 1945. No fees, no manuscript criticism. No information received about 1956 conference. For information, write Edwin L. Peterson, University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh 13, Pa.

CONFERENCE OF SOUTHWEST WRITERS AND WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under auspices of Arizona State College, will be held June 25-July 6 on the campus of Arizona State College, Flagstaff, Arizona. Established 1951. Directors: Weldon F. and Phyllis W. Heald. Staff of eight to be announced. All phases of writing to be covered. Manuscript criticism and evening talks. Surroundings give an excellent cross-section of the Southwest—Indians, prehistoric cliff dwellings, mining towns, mountains, Grand Canyon. Indian Pow-Wow (48 tribes) on July 4. Tuition: $15. Two semester hours college credit given. For bulletin, write to Registrar, Arizona State College, Flagstaff, Ariz.

SOUTHWEST WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of The Byliners, South Texas writers' club, will hold its thirteenth annual session at the Robert Driscoll Hotel, Corpus Christi, Texas, June 2-5. Founded 1944. Director: Dee Woods. A large staff including Harrison Smith, Gorham Munson, S. Omar Barker, J. Frank Dobie, to be announced. The attendance, drawn from many states, is again expected to be large. No information received this year on prize contest and tuition rates; last year's tuition was $25. For brochure, write Dee Woods, 406 So. Carancahua, Corpus Christi, Tex.

WRITERS' ROUND-UP AT THE AMARILLO CENTER, West Texas State College, 2101 Harrison St., Amarillo, Texas, will meet April 10-14. Founded in 1950 by the Panhandle Pen Women. Formerly held in the summer, it now picks late March or early April for its sessions. Last year's daytime attendance averaged 75; evening talks drew 100 to 200. Director: Loula Grace Erdman. Staff: Laurene Chinn, Maurice Crain, Al Dewlen, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Heard, Boone McClure, Evelyn Nace, James Neill Northe, Cothburn O'Neal, Mary Tom Rasco, S. G. Scruggs, Thomas H. Thompson, Jack Walker, George Williams. No manuscripts criticized except confessions. Tuition for entire conference, $12. For information, write Dr. Roy Boger, Amarillo Center, 2101 Harrison St., Amarillo, Tex.

TUFTS WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under auspices of Tufts University, will meet on the Tufts campus, Medford, Massachusetts, in two two-week periods, July 2-13 and July 16-27. Either or both sessions may be attended. Founded 1952. Director: John Holmes. Staff: Horace Reynolds, non-fiction; Mabel MacNeil Hagen, fiction; Paul Flint, technical writing; John Holmes, poetry. Individual manuscript criticism. Tuition: $75 per course, academic credit for undergraduates. For information, write Director of Tufts University Summer School, Medford 55, Mass.

THE WRITERS' CONFERENCE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH, under auspices of the University, will meet at Salt Lake City June 11-22. Founded 1947. Director: Brewster Ghiselin. Staff: Glenway Wescott, novel; Dorothy McCleary, short story; Allen Tate, poetry. Tuition: $25 for one week; $35 for entire session. Manuscript criticism fees from $5 to $15. Tuition scholarships available. Conference Dinner and Conference Picnic. For bulletin, write Brewster Ghiselin, Director of Writers' Conference, University of Utah, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

VERMONT WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under the auspices of Windham College, was founded 1946 at Marlboro College, Vermont, and was formerly called the Fiction Writers' Conference. Director: Charles I. Glicksberg. Staff: William Goyen, Charles Jackson, Frederic Van De Water, Leonard Bishop, John S. Hooper, Stoyan Christowe, Charles Burns, T. L. McCready, Jr., Jack Hines, Harriet Wolf, President Walter Hendricks of Windham College. It will meet August 19-31 at Windham College, Putney, Vt. All-inclusive fee, covering board, room, program, criticism, is $135. Will accept fifty members. For information, write Walter Hendricks, The Vermont Writers' Conference, Putney, Vt.

LEAGUE OF VERMONT WRITERS' INSTITUTE, under auspices of University of Vermont, will meet July 10-11 in the Faculty Lounge of the Waterman Building, University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt. Speakers to be announced. Address inquiries to Mary Pearl, Secretary, League of Vermont Writers, c/o Maltex Co., Burlington, Vt.

CHRISTIAN WRITERS' AND EDITORS' CONFERENCE, under the joint auspices of the National Council of the Churches of Christ in America (Division of Christian Education) and the Board of Education and Publication of the American Baptist Convention, will meet at Green Lake, Wisconsin, July 7-14. Director: Dr. Benjamin P. Browne. Staff: Warren E. Beck, Dr. George E. Bernhard, Thyra Ferre Bjorn, Mrs. Helen Doss, Mildred Magnuson, Professor Ward Miller, Dr. Lawrence Nelson, Ethelyn Parkinson, Margaret Lee Runbeck, Professor Roland E. Wolseley, and others to be announced. Planned to meet the needs of experienced writers and also of those who are just entering the field of writing for Christian publications. Special workshop for beginning writers. Other workshops in curriculum writing, devotional writing, youth society topics, fiction and article writing and poetry. A second week, July 14-23, will provide more opportunity for concentrated writing. Registration fee: $10 for the first week, $15 for both weeks. For brochure and further information, write Miss Helen K. Wallace, Registrar, Christian Writers' and Editors' Conference, 1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 5, Pa.

MID-WEST SILVER LAKE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, founded 1953, plans two sessions this summer at Oak Haven, Minnesota, near the Iowa border. Director: P. Evans Coleman. Staff to be announced. Tuition: $3 per day, $15 for the five-day session. Room and board, $2.50 to $3.50 per day. For dates and other information, write P. Evans Coleman, Oak Haven, Rte. 3, Fairmont, Minn.

Myths, Movies . . .

Continued from page 8

its precursor "The Glenn Miller Story," which had a considerably lower index of audience acceptance. Maybe "awareness" and "eagerness to see" are not synonymous.

Even before a picture goes before the cameras extensive research is frequently undertaken to ascertain potential audience interest. Back in the Forties, Universal hesitated before making a heavy investment in "The Magnificent Doll," the love story of President Madison and his beautiful wife, Dolly. A house-to-house canvass indicated that every good American was panting to see such a film. However, when it was released the attendance was so incredibly bad that the picture was generally referred to as "The Magnificent Flop." Apparently few householders cared to confide to an inquiring stranger (maybe an undercover FBI agent!) that they were so unpatriotic as to be disinterested in a picture about one of the Founding Fathers.

Perhaps the only adequate answer to what makes a smash box-office attraction was offered some years ago by Howard Dietz: "The public," said he, "wants hits, and any producer who makes hits will be successful. How do you make hits? By making pictures which 10,000,000 people want to see. It's as simple as that." Only, today, for a picture to be a real hit the figure has to be 20,000,000.

Of the ten highest grossing films of all time seven have been released in the past four years. "Gone With the Wind," first shown in 1939, still holds the all-time record of $33,500,000, but its closest competitors are "The Robe," "The Greatest Show on Earth," "From Here to Eternity," "This Is Cinerama," and "White Christmas," all distributed since January 1, 1952. As a consequence of these fabulous successes with the "clicks" and equally fabulous flops with the "clucks," the major preoccupation of every major studio head today is with the production of what is known in current movie parlance as "blockbusters." "B's" have almost ceased to be. In 1921 Hollywood turned out 854 features, over half of them deliberate cheaters, designed only to be shown as the lower half of double-feature bills. By 1955 the number produced had shrunk to 324, the great majority ineffectively constructed to serve as attractions of genuine merit.

Production costs have risen almost as rapidly as production quantity has declined. At major studios special-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

izing in "blockbusters," average budgets are approximating $2,500,000, exclusive of the costs of prints, advertising campaigns, and selling expenses. Exhibitors are endangered by dwindling audiences, fewer pictures, and higher film rentals; producers by fiascos such as "The Prodigal" and "Jupiter's Darling." A few such prodigal and juvenile blunders in one season by any one studio can easily become fatal. More and more the major companies, trying to escape such perils, are reducing their commitments and undertaking to serve as bankers for their former stars, directors, and producers. Independent production, formerly numerically if not artistically negligible, accounted for one third of Hollywood's pictures in 1955. As time marches on it is well within the range of possibility that most of the studios may accept the current United Artists formula, which has proved immensely successful, and cease entirely to engage in production activities on their own. Their studio facilities will be leased to independents and television producers and the function of the major companies will be to act as landlords, financial partners, and distributors.

Such independent production has been loudly hailed by glib commentators as the salvation of the industry. It still remains to be seen, however, whether craftsmen are as competent judges of superior entertainment as studio executives. "Marty" excepted, the 1955 pictures which met with the most widespread critical acceptance: "Bad Day at Black Rock," "Blackboard Jungle," and "Trial," all came from a major company, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Score one for Dore Schary *vs.* the Billy Wilders and the John Waynes.

A large percentage of production is, however, escaping from studio clutches and taking place in every corner of the globe. The success of "Three Coins in the Fountain," "To Catch a Thief," and "Roman Holiday" is a sign of which way the trade winds are blowing. Pictures are not shot abroad because they will be better than those made domestically, but only because they utilize accumulated foreign funds which frequently are difficult to convert into American dollars. In addition they take advantage of growing American interest in the photogenic backgrounds of the Old World and they appear, frequently chimerically, to afford some relief from the union-dictated payrolls of Hollywood.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 7, 8, 13, 20, 14, 2, 4, 1, 5, 9, 17, 15, 6, 10, 16, 18, 11, 12, 19, 3.

If the local theatre ceases to regale you with double features it will not be due to their frequently reported unpopularity. Actually, they now prevail in 70 per cent of the country and apparently are as well-liked by the moviegoing public as ever. Their demise, if it takes place, will be caused primarily by the length of the films I have just mentioned or of dozens of others such as, Heaven help us, a Metro remake of "Ben Hur." Few of next year's blockbusters will run less than three hours. Indeed, Erich von Stroheim, who was generally regarded as completely insane when he made "Greed" in 1924 in a ten-hour version, must feel that it is only a question of time until he will be completely vindicated. Only recently Jerry Wald, head of Columbia Studio, announced that he did not see how MacKinlay Kantor's new Civil War novel, "Andersonville," could be filmed in briefer compass than four hours. After all, the Civil War lasted four years.

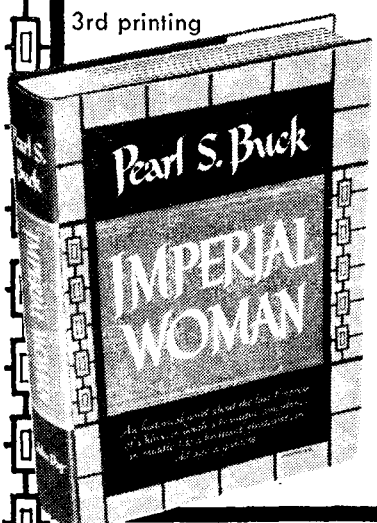
ALL these new pictures are being made in one or the other of the panoramic curved-screen processes, which give a partial impression of a third dimension, and which were resorted to by the industry in its efforts to combat the inroads of television. It is, however, apparent that the new techniques are now accepted as a matter of course by audiences, and have exhausted their novelty appeal. No longer do the marquees of the first-run theatres in one town blazon forth, as they did in one week in 1953: Giant Magic Mirror Panoramic Screen; First in America—Dynoptic 3-D; Gigantic New Magniglow-Astrolite Screen; Cinemascope—Without Glasses. Then only one theatre was simply advertising a picture.

The heartbreaking problem that confronts production executives is not so much new processes as stars old or new. Do not believe the silly stories you hear that the demand for glamorous screen personalities has waned. It is as great, if not greater, than ever. Fan magazines, contrary to the popular impression, have a greater circulation than ever before, and Grace Kelly's approaching nuptials to the Prince of Monaco are a matter of international importance.

Unfortunately, in one of their sporadic flirtations with economy the

ROYAL READING!

3rd printing



Pearl S. Buck's

fabulous new novel

IMPERIAL WOMAN

THE STORY OF CHINA'S LAST EMPRESS

SHE was 17 when the summons came from the Forbidden City and she took her place among the least of the emperor's concubines, behind walls of decadence and intrigue, guarded and preyed upon by eunuchs. Yet within a year she was on her way to becoming the real ruler of all China, where even today her power is felt. Now, in her most exotic novel, Pearl Buck tells the wondrous romance of one of the great enigmas of our times and reveals, as only a great novelist could, the mysterious mind and heart of a cruel yet magnificent woman, a woman in the grip of imperial destiny.

"Remarkable job . . . no fictioneer could imagine a more incredible woman or a more exotic and adventurous life." —*Saturday Review*

At all bookstores • $4.95

30th Anniversary Year

THE JOHN DAY COMPANY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

companies disbanded their stable of high-priced contractual performers. Now when they require a star, or usually a galaxy of stars (for no longer is a single name on the marquee enough), they must go into a highly competitive market, or more specifically to a hard-boiled agent, to obtain services. The fabulous favorites of the Thirties and Forties are deep in their own less irresistible fifties. They have acquired gray hairs, or no hair, but they also have attained almost impregnable bargaining positions. You either pay Cary Grant 10 per cent from the first dollar or you go without. Jimmy Stewart, a little more inclined to gamble, has done so with eminent success on the basis of 50 per cent of the profits. Other businessmen and women, formerly underestimated as mere actors, have specialized in forming what are called "packages," with similarly shrewd authors, producers, and directors. These nicely beribboned packages are no Xmas gifts from Santa to the studios. The bigger and better ones call for 75 per cent of the profits. As part-owners of the enterprise their entrepreneurs escape from the hardships of their former income taxes and become subject to the less onerous capital gains levy. When, for example, Darryl Zanuck retires from the head of 20th to become an independent producer financed by the studio he will cut his annual tribute to Uncle Sam from 90 per cent to 25 per cent.

Meanwhile, as a consequence of the blockheaded prohibition by the courts of block booking, which served as the industry's prime expedient for developing fresh talent and getting it shown by unexperimental exhibitors, few new names and new faces have been developed in the postwar years. Most of these newcomers achieve thespian skills slowly and painfully, but under the tutelage of enterprising agents they quickly acquire the art of super-selfsalesmanship. Marlon Brando, Grace Kelly, Marilyn Monroe, Audrey Hepburn, Tony Curtis, Rock Hudson—all these delectable young people confronted by a contract instead of a camera become as ruthless as an elder Morgan or Rockefeller *père*.

NOR are writers and playwrights any longer amiable esthetes prepared to live in a garret. They are well aware that Hollywood, which rarely recognizes talent until it has been demonstrated by a best seller or a Broadway hit, cannot live without them. Experience has established that literary skill is not unduly pent up by a penthouse apartment, and that to be an exurbanite requires a minimum of urbanity in business negotiations. A smash musical like "Oklahoma!" is worth a million dollars and a big slice of the profits. An unpublished book, "Don't Go Near the Water," is sold to M-G-M for $350,000.

Meanwhile, though the number of enclosed theatres now colloquially known as "hard tops" declines and art theatres scarcely hold their own, drive-ins continue to prosper and multiply until there are now close to 5,000. The accusation that they are "passion pits with pix" is laughable nonsense. Actually, they are temples of middle-class respectability—an ideal place to spend an evening with the wife, the kiddies, and the grandparents. They are playing new pictures day-and-date with the first-run houses of the big cities, and supplying the producers with close to 25 per cent of their domestic income. But they do not rely exclusively on films. They feature clowns, jugglers, hillbilly singers, and animal acts. There are kiddie rides, fireworks and, above all, hot dogs. Their major source of profit comes not so much from the recreation they afford as the refreshments they supply. For every dollar they take in at the gate forty-five cents worth of concessions are sold. But the appetite for the adult or artistic rarely flourishes along with the consumption of peanuts, popcorn, pop, and pizza pies. Mature films will not, I fear, prosper in competition with candybars and cokes.

Harassed by "family audiences," rising costs, aging stars, code and censorship restrictions, and the menace of pressure groups of every class, creed and ideology, it is a miracle that Hollywood continues to produce as many meritorious pictures as it does. Since the wide screen puts a premium on subject matter best adapted to spectacular treatment 1956 promises to dwarf all previous accomplishments in this direction. "War and Peace," "The Ten Commandments," "The Old Man and the Sea," "The King and I," and "Moby Dick," to mention only a few super-attractions, will be a credit to the industry—not to mention its financial statements.

The impending fare for lovers of simplicity and intimacy on the screen appears less propitious. But the "Martys," like "The Little Fugitives" and "The Quiet Ones," rarely arrive loudly heralded. Maybe we are in for a few pleasant surprises. Certainly the lessons of 1955 cannot be completely overlooked: economy is not necessarily fatal to technical adequacy; audiences, at least in the large cities, are not hopelessly addicted to glamour and saccharinity; mass circulation is not imperative for modest producers satisfied with a paltry million-dollar profit.

Tidying Up the Mess

Continued from page 20

inner discipline that his profession exerts.

The professional diplomatist is, after all, only a species of physician. He has, like all physicians, a shabby and irritating group of patients: violent, headstrong, frivolous, unreasonable. He will go on treating them as long as he is permitted to, saving them from such of their follies as he can, patching up the damages done by those follies from which he could not save them. He will do this because it is his professional nature to do it, and because he probably loves these shabby patients in his heart even while he despairs of them. But do not ask him to enthuse about them, to idealize them, or to expect them to change. Whether he approaches them from the vantage point of a diplomatic chancery abroad or from the standpoint of a late and poorly baptized historian, the difficulty is the same. He has seen them too much. He knows them too well. —GEORGE F. KENNAN.

Louis Bromfield

THE recent death of Louis Bromfield at the age of fifty-nine was startling. He seemed to have created for himself a kind of existence that should have granted him longevity, for he was the descendant of a sturdy race of Ohio farmers — to whom he paid tribute more than twenty years ago when he bought a thousand acres of Ohio land near the home of his father.

But the young Louis Bromfield had demanded more of life than existence on a remote farm. Like Sinclair Lewis, he wanted to see and know the world and, like Lewis, he wanted to write. During one three-year span, before he was thirty, he had written "Possession," Early Autumn" (his Pulitzer Prize winner), and "The House of Women."

Louis Bromfield was a restless and inquiring man with many, perhaps too many, interests. He traveled abroad and lived for a time in Europe and then India, accumulating a host of friends. He wrote a rapid succession of best-sellers, of which "The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg" was his own favorite.

Aside from his tireless toil on manuscripts, association with his friends, lecturing, and working on his farm he was generous with his time and knowledge. He seemed to love all God's creatures—from wild birds and trout in his own pond to the farm animals and human beings. —H.S.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Rates per insertion: 40¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for several insertions—52 times 32¢ per word; 26 times 34¢ per word; 13 times 36¢ per word; 6 times 38¢ per word. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED, ALL FORMS. Theses, Books, Plays. MSS. delivery all publishers. Editing, ghost-writing, speeches, theses, all subjects. WRITERS' SERVICE, 7 East 42 St., NYC. MUrray Hill 7-5159.

LITERARY AGENT accepts book-length manuscripts, fiction or nonfiction, for criticism and marketing. No reading fee. John Hinshaw, 15 West 44th, NYC 36.

MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY TYPED. Tape recordings transcribed. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES, 1394 Third Ave. (at 79 St.), NYC. TRafalgar 9-9177.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers. Free information about membership. NATIONAL WRITERS' CLUB, 1817 Gilpin, Denver 18, Colorado.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED with intelligence and dispatch. PEGGY SWEET, 424 Madison Ave., NYC. PLaza 8-2740.

AUTHORS READY FOR COOPERATIVE PUBLISHING but who can't decide which Press to select or what royalty scale (20%, 40%, or the full 100%) they are entitled to, we are specialists in this field and qualified to offer authoritative advice. We guarantee saving hundreds of dollars in publishing costs, getting best royalty terms and sales campaigns. For information write WRITERS' SERVICE, 7 East 42 St., NYC 17.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED. Now available for limited amount of assignments. Skilled, reliable. Box Y-526.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS Marketed. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscript, LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC 36.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SPECIALISTS. Excellence guaranteed. GLADYS-IRENE LEAHEY, Seven Park Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

COMPLETE LITERARY SERVICES, Write for terms. Daniel Mead, Literary Agent, 419 Fourth Ave., NYC 16.

WE PUBLISH, print and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form. Send for free folder. WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS, 313 West 35 St., NYC.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: Intelligent, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent books, novels, articles, stories, plays. 19 West 44 St., NYC 36.

GHOSTWRITING, editing, typing. L.A.B., 20 East 100, NYC. TRafalgar 6-2294, LExington 2-9380.

WE SELL YOUR MANUSCRIPT! Literary agents 34 years. Constructive criticism, editing. New writers invited. References: ANITA DIAMANT, The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 280 Madison Ave., NYC 16.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED expertly, intelligently. MARIAN BALDASH, 95 Christopher, NYC. CHelsea 2-7600, ext. 3-0.

PRESS CLIPPINGS. Any subject. Foreign and domestic coverage. Box Y-548.

ART

STUDY IN BEAUTIFUL TAXCO! Springtime all year. Inexpensive living and tuition. Write for folder. Taxco School of Art, Taxco, Guerrero, Mexico.

RECORD MART

CHADWICK RECORD CLUB offers huge savings on all brands of long playing records and accessories. Write for information and free catalogue. CHADWICK RECORD CORPORATION, 1123 Broadway, New York 10, N. Y.

RECORDERS (ENGLISH FLUTES) KUENG Swiss import, also Dolmetsch, Purcell, and Barenreiter. Baroque (English fingering). $3.95, $5, $6.50 up. Recorder music and methods. Free catalogue. R85, HARGAIL, 130 West 56 St., NYC.

RARE OPERATICS, red seal, European imports; free lists; Westhoff, 931 Geary, San Francisco.

NORTH CAROLINA'S FOREMOST BALLAD SINGER renders four native ballads "45" extended play—$1.50 postpaid. BALLAD RECORDS, Box 6002, Raleigh, N. C.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS

ITALIAN PERIODICALS, Italian Publishers, Times Tower, New York 36.

BOOKS

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—ALL Subjects. Catalogue free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, Box 22-S, Brooklyn 26, N. Y.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER CO., 38 Park Row, NYC 8.

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF SCHOLARLY BOOKS—Literature, etc. Catalogues issued. PYETELL'S BOOKSHOP, 333 Fifth Ave., Pelham 65, N. Y.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's French bookshop where French books are sold exclusively. Mail-order catalogue 40¢.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS at lowest prices! Try us. (No obligation.) INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-F, Beverly Hills, Calif.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll Get It! CHICAGO BOOKMART, Chicago Heights, Ill.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free Catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

FREE SERVICE, thousands of books—complete assortment fine sets. CRIST BOOK SHOP, 381 Wabasha, St. Paul, Minnesota.

THE BOOKFINDER will find that wanted book. Box 204, GPO, NYC 1.

HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS located by specialists. No search charge. MADISON BOOKS, Box 386A, Madison Square Station, New York 10.

DELLA MONTGOMERY, 720 N. Michigan Ave., Suite 911, Chicago 11, Ill. WILL FIND THE OUT-OF-PRINT BOOK YOU WANT.

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINES—millions of back issues, thousand titles. Try us. "Back Number" Wilkins, Danvers, Massachusetts.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Scores of beautiful designs. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

HOBBIES

POST CARD COLLECTING! Fascinating international exchange hobby. Learn all in COLLECTORS, lavishly illustrated monthly $2 year. P.O. Box 492R, Glendale, Calif.

PERSONALS

WRITERS' COLONY IN MEXICO! Personal, professional instruction in fact, fiction, poetry. Group criticism and discussions. First-class resort hotel on Gulf with private beach and swimming pool. Ideal fishing, hunting. Year-round, summers. American instruction and management. International cuisine. Tuition, board, private room with bath; $145 month. Special rates extended periods. Limited accommodations. Hotel Balneario, Tecolutla, Veracruz, Mexico.

AT LAST! A king's exercise on a secretary's budget. Learn to FENCE. Absolute beginners—advanced. EQUIPMENT PROVIDED. LOW FEES. MASQUE Fencing School, JUdson 6-7947 (NYC).

MONACO'S "PRINCE RAINIER," plus "Olympic Games" postage stamps, 25¢. Box Y-412.

SOCIABLE YOUNG TEACHER (28) seeks summer resort position. Trained and experienced in recreation, social dancing, folk dancing, swimming, canoeing, crafts. Box Y-530.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Art Objects, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc. Lamps mounted. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33 St., NYC 16, MUrray Hill 5-4280.

MEDICAL STUDENT AND WIFE, both Phi Beta Kappa, personable, widely varied experience, desire interesting summer work. Box Y-533.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail price! $9.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Unconditional money-back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams Sr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

ARTIST will share spacious Jersey studio apartment with two girls. $45 month. Easy Manhattan commuting. Closter 5-3559-J.

BRIGHT YOUNG WOMAN, preferably with journalistic training, wanted as administrative assistant in television and public relations project. Need IQ, energy, precision with details, interest in sciences and arts. Box Y-537.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY—Lady will share spacious apartment, mature lady. Box Y-552.

SONGWRITERS! Music composed, arranged, printed, recorded. 50 commercial records of your song made at low cost. FIVE STAR MUSIC MASTERS, 313 Beacon Building, Boston, Mass.

WANTED. Young woman, traveling companion for lady, share expenses. References exchanged. Box Y-544.

NEW YORKERS—HAVE TROUBLE WAKING UP IN THE MORNING? We'll call you daily or five days a week. $7.50, $8.50 monthly. Box Y-549.

BRITISH THEATRE SEMINAR WITH LOUISE SOELBERG, internationally noted dancer-choreographer. July 10-August 26: Paris, Amsterdam, London, Stratford, Edinburgh, etc. Some openings. Write immediately: ARTS ABROAD, Corona Bldg., Kenton, Ohio.

MALE ENGLISH TEACHER, 24, desires different summer. Travel, headwork, anything. Box Y-545.

PHARMACIST-WRITER, 24. Story published in national magazine; one-act play produced. Good typist. Seeks interesting position in N.Y., or for summer abroad. Box Y-553.

DOCTOR AND SONS, Catholic, require refined, neat housekeeper—governess, experienced with children. Location upstate N.Y., modern home, cleaning help. Box Y-558.

YOUNG PAINTER needs light studio with family space, adjoining or adjacent (Manhattan). Can alter—ideas welcome. LYceum 5-2496 (NYC).

GIRL, BS, experienced secretary, nurse, seeks summer position travel overseas. Box Y-557.

EXECUTIVE, AMATEUR WRITER, Southwest Los Angeles, share rear, garden house with solvent bachelor, 30-42. Deluxe. Roof-patio, sundeck. $55. Drive. Beverly Hills, Beach 15 minutes. Express downtown. Completion May. Box Y-555.

WANTED: Housekeeper-companion for elderly gentleman living in the South. Box Y-556.

(Continued on page 42)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 41)

PERSONALS

An intensive course on FUNDAMENTALS OF GENERAL SEMANTICS by Robert Holston, PhD, featuring films by Irving Lee. April 17, 19, 23, 27. 7:30 P.M. to 10.30 P.M. Contribution $16. NEW YORK SOCIETY FOR GENERAL SEMANTICS, ACADEMY OF SCIENCES BLDG., 2 East 63rd St., NYC.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information confidentially developed. Any matter, person, problem. Worldwide. Officially licensed. Established 1922. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

INDIAN AUTHORITY, college instructor, will accept paying guests, Lake Metigoshe, Turtle Mountains, North Dakota, uncommercialized area. Write Box 735, Bottineau, North Dakota.

SIMPLE SELF TEACHING CLOCK—Any child can tell and understand time with BEN-G CLOCK. POSTPAID $1. Catalogue available for READING and NUMBERS. Box 74, East Williston, New York.

SWEET BRIAR JUNIOR, 19, loves children, books, New England, needs summer employment, more or less ideal. Box Y-498.

ARTIST SMOCKS, special design, ladies, men. Wraparound nylon, weighs little traveling. Tan, maroon, navy; small, medium, large. $8.98 check with order. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. FORD ORIGINALS, GPO 147, NYC.

CHARMING, EXCLUSIVE GRAMERCY PARK—Attractive 1-room studio suites with full hotel service. PARKSIDE HOTEL, 18 Gramercy Park South, NYC. Transients from $3.50. Attractive weekly-monthly rates. GRamercy 5-6000.

ASSOCIATE PROFESSORSHIP in Education desired by vice-principal. Box Y-524.

WRITERS OF LIGHT ROMANCE contact Baillytown Books for assignments. P.O. Box 357, Gary, Indiana.

RUN a Spare-Time Greeting Card and Gift Shop at home. Show friends samples of our new 1956 All-Occasion Greeting Cards and Gifts. Take their orders and earn up to 100% profit. No experience necessary. Costs nothing to try. Write today for samples on approval. Regal Greetings, Dept. 68, Ferndale, Michigan.

ENGLISH CLERGYMAN traces genealogies for Americans of British origin. Patrick Blakiston, Halesowen Rectory, England.

MAKE MONEY AT HOME as renewal headquarters for all magazines. Liberal commissions. No experience, no capital needed. Supplies furnished. Write for FREE catalogue. McGREGOR MAGAZINE Agency, Dept. 750, Mount Morris, Illinois.

TRAINED, EXPERIENCED, Kansas University junior wishes summer child care for parents traveling. References. Box 457, Mayetta, Kansas.

ILLUSTRATED IDEAS in monthly Bulletin Board Ideas. Sample copy 25¢. Letter-Art Company, 3411 Ormond St., Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

COMPOSER, extraordinarily talented, prepared to burst upon astounded world, requires singer (male or female) with extreme clarity of diction, interested New York recital, recordings. Box Y-527.

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, MINSTREL, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES. Spanish Toros, French Riviera, etc. Lists for stamp. Central Show Printing Co., Box S-617, Mason City, Iowa.

MEDICAL STUDENT, veteran, ex-teacher, Yale graduate, 27, desires interesting summer employment, preferably abroad. References. Box Y-528.

FAMILY ARMS—English, Scotch, Irish. Write M'WETHY, St. Johnsville, N. Y.

INDISPENSABLE MAGAZINE for handweavers. Write Handweaver & Craftsman, Box S, 246 Fifth Ave., New York 1.

FELLA, opera and theater enthusiast, seeks summer companion explore American literary East, share expenses. Box Y-529.

MAKE MELLOW MUSIC IMMEDIATELY with lovely imported rosewood Recorder. Perfect intonation. Not a toy. $14.50 complete. COOPER MUSICo., 62 East Division St., Chicago, Ill.

CAMPS

CAMP CELO, for ages 6 to 10, a farm-home camp for 20 boys and girls in the Black Mountains of North Carolina. Full camp program of worship, work and play under liberal Quaker leadership. Ernest Morgan, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

TRAVEL

VISIT MAJESTIC MONTANA this year! Scenic vacationland between Glacier and Yellowstone parks. For free information write Advertising Director, Dept. 56-19, Montana Highway Commission, Helena, Montana.

BOOKS FOR ORIENT-BOUND TRAVELERS: Japan, Official Guide, $6.50; India, Guide, $3; Hongkong, $2; We Japanese (Manners, Customs), $6. Tax 3%; Postage 15¢ each. EAST-WEST SHOP, 132 East 61, NYC 21.

EUROPEAN "Behind the Scenes" Study Tour by Motor. 46-61 days. June 22, BOAC. Inclusive $1160. Dr. Robert Williamson, Los Angeles City College, L. A. 29.

AROUND THE WORLD with a congenial small group, traveling in leisurely comfort. Meet interesting people in many lands. 98 wonderful days, by ship and plane, leaving January 1957, $6,450. Col. Edward A. Keszler, House of Travel, 47 East 47 St., New York 17, N. Y.

"GRAND CIRCLE" OF EUROPE, July 12-September 24: England, Scotland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, Germany, Austria, Yugoslavia, Italy, San Marino, Monaco, Switzerland, France. Steamship passage, luxury motor-coaches. Excellent hotels, meals. Entertainment. Inclusive price: $1095. MIDWEST Tours, Box 199, Northfield, Minnesota.

DRIVE THRO' BRITAIN for your next vacation. See all the sights in a new rented Ford, Morris or Jaguar car from only $16.80 a week and 10¢ a mile. Gas and oil free. Write for free issue of "Dine and Drive Through Britain" and plan your itinerary. The Victor Britain Rent-A-Car System, 12a Berkeley St., London W1. Cables: Autobritn, London, England.

TWO TOURS for WOMEN WHO WRITE. Dateline: Europe, July 22-August 19, $939. A Food Writer's Tour: August 24-September 21, $987. For information write to STUDY ABROAD, Inc., 250 West 57 St., NYC 19.

EUROPEAN FESTIVAL & SCENIC TOURS—5 weeks to 5 months. 1956, MAY-JUNE: Copenhagen, Bergen, Stockholm, Helsinki (Sibelius Festival), Vienna (Mozart); Florence; JULY: Rome, Verona, Yugoslavia, Bayreuth; AUGUST: Salzburg to Edinburgh. Deluxe Volkswagen buses seating 7 and driver. With contributor to "Opera News" and National Federation Music Clubs magazine. For 1957 steamship reservations, book without delay! Highlights: Casals' 80th Birthday Festival, PRADES; Halle Orchestra's 100th Anniversary, MANCHESTER; 1958: Munich's 800th Jubilee Year, reopening warbombed operahouse. Douglas MacKinnon, 304 East 83rd, NYC 28.

For Summer Rental

MONTAUK—Modern studio cottage, 1½ efficiency, plus screened porch, heated. Full electric kitchen. High, overlooks ocean, ¼ mile to beach. Season $950 long, $750 short. Also monthly. Box Y-490.

NORTHERN LAKE GEORGE. Private house, five acres, suitable 10 to 12. Bedrooms with baths, fireplaces, library, sand beach. Completely furnished. Monthly, June-September. Photos, details. Box Y-474.

INSULATED CABIN (piano), $175 entire season, June-October. Barn studio, $120. Writer-Artist family's Vermont mountain farm. Box Y-522.

CAPE COD, ORLEANS. Rustic cottage overlooks lake. All conveniences. Sleeps 4. Large screened living room. Season $450. July $225. August 1 to Labor Day $250. Box Y-536.

SIX-ROOM COTTAGE facing bay near swimming beaches. Modern conveniences with charm. Summer season, $850. Owner, Beggs. Contact Tarr & Marr, Rockport, Mass.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

BACHELOR'S HIDEAWAY, central Philadelphia. Huge living room with fireplace, bedroom, bath, kitchen. Large apartment, large rent. E. W. Bolton, 1610 Latimer St.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

BEAUTIFUL MAINE COAST COTTAGE; too large for us. Will sell reasonably. Island community, grand for kids. Box Y-465.

MAGNIFICENT VIEW, modernized farmhouse. 140 acres, barn, stream, pond. Yours for $11,500. Truesdell, Colrain, Mass.

ROCKLAND COUNTY: Century old early American 4 bedroom house on 5 acres, country setting, 2 fireplaces, oil heat, modernized kitchen. Reasonably priced. Box Y-538.

PERFECT IN SIZE, setting and location. Cozy and charming country home: 6 rooms, 2 fireplaces; all improvements. 6 acres. $16,500. Lucy F. White, Hillsdale, N.Y.

CHARMING MODERN CAPE COD COTTAGE; 2 bedrooms, 1½ baths, large living room, fireplace, glassed-in porch, 2 car attached garage, oil furnace. Four acres, large trees, brook, lovely view. Dutchess County, 75 miles Manhattan. Ideal year-round home. Box Y-550.

For Rent

COLONIAL FARM, modernized, vicinity Dartmouth, 3 bedrooms, grand piano. $650. Box Y-455.

SECLUDED COTTAGE on wooded mountainside overlooking beautiful valley; streams, waterfalls, hunting-fishing area; 2 studio rooms, furnished, fireplaces, kitchen, bath; gas cooking, heat, all modern conveniences; 50 miles N. Y. April-November. Write, phone J. Hanney, Long Valley, N. J.

SPRING IN CONNECTICUT: Charming guest house, sleeps 3; heat, etc. Weekends or longer. Elgin 4-7332; Box Y-551.

VACATIONS

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate, luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lakes nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

FARMS, HOTELS, Welcoming children, restful, reasonable. Call LOrraine 8-0700 (NYC.).

THE LOG HOUSE, THIRTEENTH LAKE, North River, N. Y. 2100 ft. elevation, surrounded by Adirondack Forest. Privacy ideal for creative work or just loafing. Cottages. Meals varied and best.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

HOPE FOR LOVING HERMITS (semi-gregarious species): peace-loving, quiet-loving, sea-loving, beauty-loving, nature-loving guests welcome. Ten miles at sea, the stars your streetlights, the wide horizon beyond all desire. THE ISLAND INN, Monhegan Island, Maine. Open June 5. Advance reservations necessary. Booklet D?

TENNIS—Another reason for visiting PELICAN COVE'S ocean-front apartments. Hawthorne & Betty Bissell of Provincetown are the resident pros. Islamorada, Florida Keys.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial farmhouse. Good food. R. D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

MAINE RESORT CAMP for all the family. Private island in Casco Bay. Seclusion, relaxation, recreation, boat trips, fine food. $50-$60. Special children's rates. Booklet. Camp Eggemoggin, Box 27, Brunswick, Maine.

DINNER AT BLUEBERRY HILL KEY. Lucullan repast. Turquoise waters. Motels nearby. The Mastertons, Islamorada, Florida.

CORNWALL GUEST HOUSE, Vermont, 2 miles from Middlebury. Excellent accommodations, Southern cuisine. Enjoy the interesting cultural atmosphere of Middlebury. Also on premises, modern 5 room apartment in old barn. Very attractive. For seasonal rental, $700. Write for brochure: Virginia S. Graham, Cornwall R.D. 11, Middlebury, Vermont.

THE TAVERN AT GRAFTON, VERMONT—Find inspiration for creative work, or relax in the tranquility of picturesque Grafton. Authentic stage coach inn, quaint comfortable rooms, appetizing meals, friendly atmosphere. References exchanged. Open mid-May to mid-October.

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY THE CUNEO PRESS, INC.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1150

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Surname, British royal family until World War I.	32 136 64 169 18 133
B. Aeneas's father.	60 55 25 108 27 126 201 172
C. Tincture of opium which Dickens ascribed as the favorite indulgence of nurses.	120 84 152 70 114 110 184 75
D. Fulcrum for the oar in the gunwale of a boat.	40 81 11 186 53 154 86 28
E. The first model of a statue (French).	191 17 202 90 8 129 47 69
F. Blushed.	197 22 137 36 146 162 131 59
G. Passionately impetuous.	192 67 135 164 4 52 200 13
H. Implied secondary meanings.	95 142 15 50 72 29 3 163
I. Sunday (2 wds.).	21 33 139 103 51 115 38 179
J. In the most favorable circumstances possible (3 wds.).	185 71 127 187 58 119 82 147 79
K. Empty-headed chatterer.	175 118 76 144 35 198 151 138 7 182
L. Spiritual headship of Islam.	62 30 45 174 132 141 204 26
M. One of the arboreal Hylidae (2 wds.).	43 143 116 157 16 105 78 178
N. Moorish hero, a braggart ("Orlando Furioso").	12 148 122 102 68 89 93 56

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Pungent name of the founder of Neoplatonism, 3rd cent.	173 83 9 128 98 74 180 6
P. Doctrine of the second coming of Christ, ushering in millennium.	123 96 171 205 54 92 112 195
Q. Greek name of the builder of 2nd pyramid of Giza and perhaps of the Sphinx (c. 2850 B.C.).	140 113 121 10 57 165 31 19
R. Alerted (2 wds.).	196 194 37 49 134 99 170
S. Keep.	106 97 91 46 167 130 39 65
T. Drunken jester in "The Tempest," butt of Ariel's jokes.	190 160 63 181 44 203 85 5
U. Binary compounds of helium.	2 161 149 88 94 66 104
V. Part of a church organ at considerable distance, for special effects (2 wds.).	176 48 145 158 155 34 101 42 117
W. Espied (2 wds. followed by "of").	87 24 188 20 41 125 156 166 111 73 80
X. Charter a ship for transportation of goods.	124 23 159 153 193 109 168 77 1
Y. Surname, Pinero's famous woman with a past in title of play, 1893.	107 177 189 183 199 150 61 14 100

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	1 X	2 U	3 H	■	4 G	5 T	6 O	7 K	■	8 E	9 O	10 Q	11 D	12 N	13 G	14 Y
15 H	16 M	■	17 E	18 A	19 Q	20 W	21 I	22 F	■	23 X	24 W	25 B	26 L	■	27 B	28 D
■	29 H	30 L	31 Q	■	32 A	33 I	34 V	35 K	36 F	■	37 R	38 I	39 S	■	40 D	41 W
42 V	43 M	■	44 T	45 L	46 S	47 E	■	48 V	49 R	50 H	■	51 I	52 G	53 D	■	54 P
55 B	■	56 N	57 Q	58 J	■	59 F	60 B	61 Y	62 L	■	63 T	64 A	■	65 S	66 U	67 G
68 N	69 E	70 C	■	71 J	72 H	■	73 W	74 O	75 C	■	76 K	77 X	78 M	79 J	■	80 W
81 D	82 J	■	83 O	84 C	85 T	86 D	87 W	88 U	89 N	90 E	91 S	■	92 P	93 N	94 U	■
95 H	96 P	97 S	98 O	99 R	100 Y	■	101 V	102 N	103 I	104 U	■	105 M	106 S	■	107 Y	108 B
109 X	110 C	111 W	112 P	■	113 Q	114 C	115 I	■	116 M	117 V	118 K	119 J	120 C	121 Q	122 N	■
123 P	124 X	125 W	126 B	■	127 J	128 O	■	129 E	130 S	131 F	■	132 L	133 A	■	134 R	135 G
136 A	■	137 F	138 K	139 I	140 Q	■	141 L	142 H	143 M	■	144 K	145 V	146 F	■	147 J	148 N
149 U	150 Y	■	151 K	152 C	153 X	154 D	155 V	156 W	157 M	■	158 V	159 X	■	160 T	161 U	162 F
163 H	164 G	165 Q	166 W	167 S	168 X	■	169 A	170 R	171 P	172 B	■	173 O	174 L	175 K	176 V	177 Y
178 M	179 I	■	180 O	181 T	182 K	183 Y	184 C	185 J	186 D	■	187 J	188 W	189 Y	190 T	■	191 E
192 G	193 X	194 R	■	195 P	196 R	197 F	198 K	■	199 Y	200 G	201 B	202 E	203 T	204 L	205 P	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 26 of this issue.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE *Chamber Music Society* invites you...

to take any one of these sets of great chamber works

FREE

NO STRINGS ATTACHED

The Pascal String Quartet, one of the world's foremost chamber music ensembles is among the distinguished groups recording for the Society

SCHUBERT

"TROUT" QUINTET (A MAJOR)
QUARTET IN E MAJOR, OP. 125, NO. 2
QUARTET IN C MINOR, " QUARTETTSATZ"

Sensitive and brilliant readings by the famed Winterthur String Quartet of Switzerland. The talented young pianist *Pina Pozzi* joins them in the "Trout" Quintet.

ITALIAN MASTERS OF THE XVIII CENTURY

TARTINI: Sonata in G Minor, "The Devil's Trill"
VIVALDI: Sonata in A Major
GEMINIANI: Sonata in B Flat Major
VITALI: Chaconne in G Minor

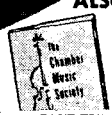
The celebrated violin virtuoso, *Ricardo Odnoposoff*, is heard in some of the greatest violin music of the Eighteenth Century – assisted by *Heinz Wehrle*, organist; *Ben Oren*, Harpsichordist, *Leo Rostal*, cellist.

MOZART

CLARINET QUINTET IN A MAJOR, K. 581
FLUTE QUARTET IN D MAJOR, K. 285
FLUTE QUARTET IN A MAJOR, K. 298

Some of the most satisfying music ever written. With *Peter Simenauer*, clarinetist, *Julius Baker*, flutist, and the *Pascal String Quartet*. Other soloists include: *H. Zarief*, violinist; *D. Mankovitz*, Violist; *R. Oxman*, cellist.

ALSO FREE



Treatise on the history, technique and performance of Chamber Music – from 16th Century origins to today.

Unique Transcription Recordings—
Custom-Pressed of Transparent Ruby-Red Vinyl, in DeLuxe Genuine Linen Cases!

HERE is exciting news for every serious music listener! The Chamber Music Society asks you to choose one of these transcribed chamber programs: an all SCHUBERT collection . . . or a group of works by four 18th Century ITALIAN MASTERS . . . or a MOZART program—as a FREE GIFT. There is no requirement to buy another record from the Society, *now* or *ever!*

These are NOT ordinary recordings. Produced by a process hitherto used only for radio transcriptions with tone fidelity from 50 to 15,000 cycles, each Chamber Music Society transcription is pressed on the finest transparent *ruby-red vinylite* and jacketed in an exquisite *linen slip-cover* for permanent protection!

Music That Was Written For Your Home

Chamber Music was written to be heard in the home. Now – in your own living room—through the medium of these high fidelity transcriptions, you can hear great chamber music under the most ideal conditions and can share intimately the form and spirit of a composer's work.

Save More than 50% of Usual Retail Cost

The Chamber repertoire listed below ranges through three centuries – from Purcell to Hindemith.

As a Trial Member of the Society you may AUDITION any or all of these superb transcription recordings—Free of Charge – at the rate of about two a month. Only those you keep are billed to you at the members' low price, which is *less than 50%* of the cost of similar commercial discs. You may withdraw your membership at any time.

MAIL COUPON NOW: Indicate which selection you want as a FREE GIFT. At the same time you may cross off those compositions which you already own. The others will be sent for free trial, at about two discs a month, but you do not have to buy any discs unless you wish. The FREE GIFT selection is yours to keep in any case! Send the coupon *today!*

A Program of SUPERB Recordings at Remarkably Low Cost

★ **BEETHOVEN: String Quintets, Op. 29 and 104;** Pascal String Quartet with W. Gerhard, viola

★ **SCHUBERT: Duo Concertante in A, Op. 162;** L. Kaufman, violin; P. Pozzi, piano • **Cello Sonata in A "Arpeggione";** G. Ricci, cello; L. Mittman, piano

★ **THE SONS OF BACH: C. P. E. Bach: Sinfonia in C J. C. Bach: Sinfonias in B Flat and D • W. F. Bach: Sinfonia in D Minor;** Concert Hall Chamber Orch.; Maurits van den Berg, conducting

★ **TCHAIKOVSKY: Quartet No. 3 in E Flat;** Pascal String Quartet

★★★ **MOZART: Complete 6 String Quintets;** Pascal String Quartet with W. Gerhard, viola

★ **BRAHMS: Violin Sonata No. 1 in G;** L. Kaufman, violin; H. Pignari, piano • **Cello Sonata No. 1 in E Minor;** J. Starker, cello; A. Bogin, piano

★ **DEBUSSY: Quartet in G;** Pascal String Quartet. **Sonata for Flute, Viola and Harp;** C. Larde, flute; C. Lequien, viola; M. Jamet, harp • **Sonata for Violin and Piano;** O. Colbentson, violin; E. Ullmer, piano

★ **HANDEL: Complete Water Music;** Chamber Music Society Orch.; C. Bamberger, conducting

★★ **BEETHOVEN: The 3 Complete Rasumovsky String Quartets;** Pascal String Quartet

★ **A. SCARLATTI: Sinfonias Nos. 4 and 5; Concerti Grossi Nos. 1 and 3;** Winterthur Chamber Orch.; C. *Dahinden, conducting*

★ **MOZART: 3 Salzburg Serenades (K. 136, K. 137, K. 138);** Boyd Neel Chamber Orch.; W. Goehr, cond.

★ **HINDEMITH: Sonata for Trumpet and Piano;** H. Sevenstern, trumpet; H. Duval, piano • **Sonata for Viola and Piano;** F. Tursi, viola; J. Echaniz, piano **Sonata for Clarinet and Piano;** Jos. D'Hondt, clarinet; H. Duval, piano • **Sonata for Bassoon and Piano;** A. Swillens, bassoon; H. Duval, piano

★ **DVORAK: Piano Quartet in E Flat, Op. 87;** A. Balsam, piano; P. Rybar, violin; O. Komer, viola; A. Tusa, cello • **Trio in F, Op. 65;** L. Kaufman, violin; A. Balsam, piano; M. Cervera, cello

★ **SCHUBERT: Quartet in D, "Death and the Maiden";** Hungarian String Quartet • **Variations for Flute and Piano;** F. Vester, flute; M. van Luin, piano

SPECIAL MEMBERSHIP PRICES
★One 12" disc (approx. 1 hour)....$2.95
★★Two 12" discs (approx. 2 hours)...$5.90
★★★Three 12" discs (approx. 3 hours). $7.95

★★ **VIVALDI: Il Cimento Dell'Armonia E Dell' Invenzione (8 Concerti Grossi, Op. 8);** Winterthur String Orch.; C. Dahinden, cond.; L. Kaufman, solo violin

★ **BRAHMS: Clarinet Quintet in B, Op. 115;** Pascal String Quartet with U. Delecluse, clarinet

★ **HAYDN: Seven Last Words of Christ, Op. 51;** Guilet String Quartet

★ **STRAVINSKY: Duo Concertante;** L. Kaufman, violin; H. Pignari, piano • **Pulcinella Suite (Suite Italienne);** R. Garbousova, cello; E. *Kahn, piano*

★ **PURCELL: Fantasias in 4 Parts;** Winterthur String Orch.; W. Goehr, conducting

★★ **MOZART: Complete 6 Piano Trios;** A. Jambor, piano; V. Aitay, violin; J. Starker, cello

★ **SCHUMANN: Piano Quintet in E Flat, Op. 44;** H. Kann, piano; with Pascal String Quartet • **Quartet in A, Op. 41, No. 3;** Winterthur String Quartet

★ **BACH: Four Sonatas for Violin, Cello and Harpsichord;** P. Rybar and M. Rostal, violins; A. Tusa, cello; T. Sack, Harpsichord

★ **BARTOK: Quartet #4;** *Guilet Quartet* • *Violin Sonata #2;* T. Spivakovsky, violin; A. Balsam, piano

★ **CORELLI: Concerti Grossi; Op. 6, Nos. 1, 2, 3 & 4;** Boyd Neel Chamber Orch.; W. Goehr, conducting

MAIL COUPON—WITHOUT MONEY—TO:
The Chamber Music Society, Dept. C5-4, 45 Columbus Avenue, New York 23, N. Y.

Rush me FREE, the long-playing Chamber program described above (check one):
☐ **Schubert** ☐ **Italian Masters** ☐ **Mozart**
– mine to keep absolutely free, without any obligation.

I have crossed out below the Chamber Works I already own in a satisfactory 33⅓ RPM high-fidelity recording. I need do nothing more to enjoy the others in my home for Free Audition. They will be delivered without charge at the rate of approximately two discs a month.

I am not obligated to buy another recording *ever!* I may try all Society releases for 5 days, and will be billed only for those I *keep* at the low membership prices shown at left (plus a few cents shipping)—a saving of over 50%. I may return any disc and pay nothing. I may cancel my Trial Membership *at any time.* The FREE GIFT selection is mine to keep free *in any case.*

CROSS OUT only those you DO NOT want to audition.

1. **BEETHOVEN:** String Quintets
2. **SCHUBERT:** Duo Concertante; Cello Sonata
3. **THE SONS OF BACH.**
4. **TCHAIKOVSKY:** Quartet No. 3
5. **MOZART:** Complete String Quintets
6. **BRAHMS:** Violin Sonata; Cello Sonata
7. **DEBUSSY:** Quartet in G; Sonata for Flute, Viola and Harp; Sonata for Violin and Piano
8. **HANDEL:** Complete Water Music
9. **BEETHOVEN:** Complete Rasumovsky Quartets
10. **A. SCARLATTI:** Sinfonias; Concerti Grossi
11. **MOZART:** Three Salzburg Serenades
12. **HINDEMITH:** Sonatas for: Trumpet and Piano; Viola and Piano; Clarinet and Piano; Bassoon and Piano
13. **DVORAK:** Piano Quartet; Trio in F
14. **SCHUBERT:** Quartet in D; Variations for Flute and Piano
15. **VIVALDI:** Il Cimento Dell'Armonia E Dell' Invenzione
16. **BRAHMS:** Clarinet Quintet
17. **HAYDN:** The Seven Last Words of Christ
18. **STRAVINSKY:** Duo Concertante; Pulcinella Suite
19. **PURCELL:** Fantasias in Four Parts
20. **MOZART:** Complete Piano Trios
21. **SCHUMANN:** Piano Quintet in E; Quartet in A
22. **BACH:** Four Sonatas for Violin, Cello and Harpsichord
23. **BARTOK:** Quartet No. 4; *Violin Sonata No. 2*
24. **CORELLI:** Concerti Grossi

(Selections are not listed by order of release)

Name.....
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address.....

City.....Zone...State.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED